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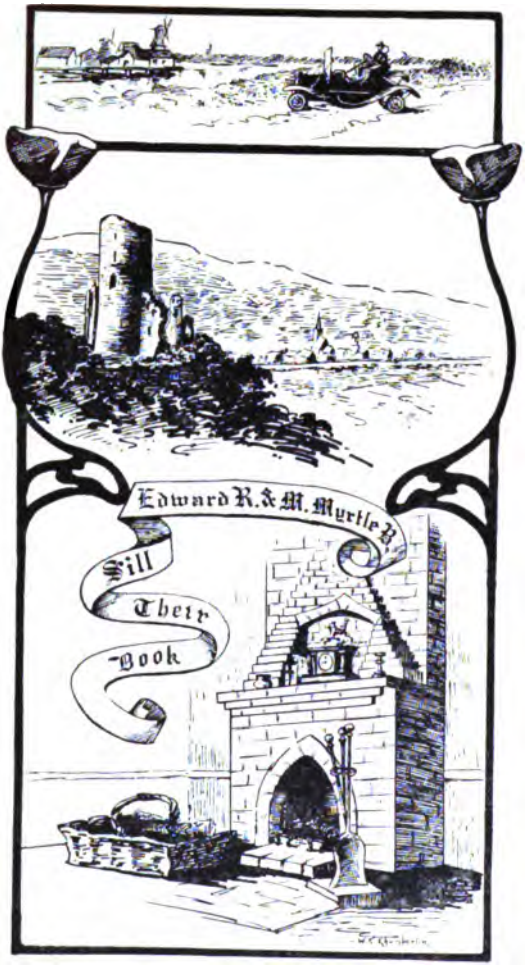

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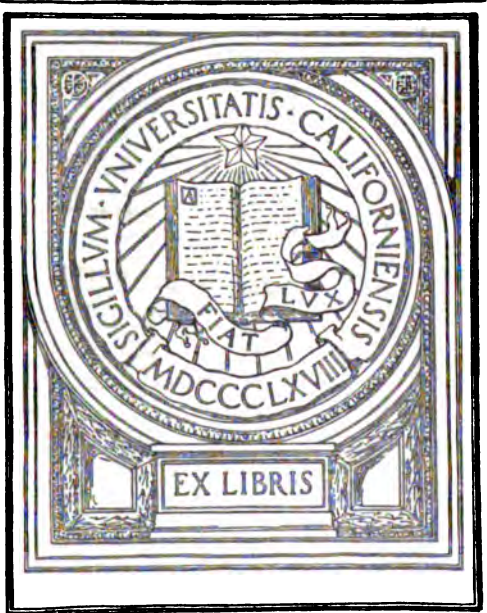

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The Gardens of San Gimignano

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NEW FOOTPRINTS IN OLD PLACES

BY

PAULINE STILES

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TO MY FATHER AND MOTHER
WITH AN ITALIAN WAVE OF THE HAND FROM
"THE SWEET FIFTH LUSTRUM OF MY DAYS"

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CHAPTER I.
EN ROUTE TO ROME.

On board ship,
October, 1913.
Sixth day out and all's so-so

THE "Prinzess Irene" is rolling us about in a heavy sea. She is an energetic old royalty, who waddles busily along through the waves, unmindful of the grim walkers lurching athwart her decks.

Fellow Travelers

In spite of her eccentricities, Bettina and I have walked a mile. We lunged and plunged into everything and everybody, but "did" our mile willy-nilly. All the bronze-brown curls sunning over the head of that unfathomable small Kentuckian were tossed in a riotous frenzy against her cheeks and across her mouth, set firmly in determination to accomplish this mile. Unable to steer our course successfully, I looked out through a veil of wind-whipped tears upon the heaving world. However, we clung together and managed to keep our place in the procession of walkers between the German bride and groom, and a group of young men who are madly alive.

The German lovers are idyllically devoted; the groom is an army officer, suddenly called home from his honeymoon—I wonder why? As for the young men, they walk longer and faster and harder than anyone else; they vie with one another in effervescence of spirits;

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Fellow Travelers

they sing and whistle all the raggiest of the popular music, their favorite tune being one with a refrain of "Good-bye, girls." These boys are embryo priests on their way to enter the American College at Rome. To me, they seem a wistful little group.

Cousin Caroline and the girls were mere shapeless bundles of rugs, and they looked at us, as we passed their chairs, with wan eyes. We have all been rather wan — all save Talitha, B—'s younger sister, who arises and greets the dawn daily. She has bewitched everyone, particularly a middle-aged mystery, who shuffles about in red morocco slippers. His eyes are always solemnly riveted upon her flashing April face.

Well, our voyage is six days old, and the life of our little Roman family has begun, although, as yet, it has been chiefly confined to deck chairs. I look eagerly forward to my winter in Rome with Cousin C., and at night, while the "Prinzess Irene" coughs hoarsely in the fog, I lie and dream of the days to come.

We have a comfortable little cabin. I say "we" for I am rooming with Thomas Sterne French Gerard of Kentucky. Shocking! please remove that portrait in your mind's eye of a two hundred pounder in a loose "Prince Albert," between whose grey mustache and long goatee a mint-julep is disappearing. Thomas is as thin as one of her own hairpins, and for the last few days her principal garment has been a pink négligée of intricate pattern which she acquired in New York before sailing. It was so intricate, in fact, that in her effort to don it the first night out she almost came to grief.

Thomas, well and animated, is extremely conversational. *En fête,* she looks like an Egyptian princess. As

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for her name — "It was given me before I was born," says she. *Fellow Travelers*

Seventh day out,
All's better

WE HAVE just passed the Azores. I got up early to see Fayal and Pico, but the top of Pico was veiled in fog. After breakfast I went out on deck, and there was San Jorge less than a mile away, the sun shining on it so that every detail of its romantic slopes seemed especially exposed to my curious eyes. I thought of moonlight filtering through grape vines, of the dreamy roulades of mocking birds among the roses, of the shadows of leaves upon white faces, as I recalled all the tales Dom Machado used to tell me of his poetic boyhood, spent in almost feudal state on these isles, among such a simple, kindly, childlike people. And an old song he often sang began its haunting lilt in my mind: *The Azores*

A saudad' e um luto,
A saudad' e um luto,
Uma dor uma pashon,
E' um cortinado roco,
Que nos cobreo coro cao.

(Longing for home,
A pain, a passion,
It is a purple pall
That covers my heart.)

Grey stone houses encircled by cornfields, hayricks, and hedges dotted the wild slopes. The steepest, most impossible crags were terraced, the farm house perched in some apparently inaccessible place. The towns made a pink and yellow blur clustered about a church with a spire pointing all thoughts up to God in His Azorean heaven. I could see the houses distinctly, also the steep

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The Azores

little streets, the wind-mills, the washings on the lines and even the people themselves. Many of the wee villages had mysterious harbors, and there must have been magic ways to reach them through the mighty rocks. The coast line was very precipitous and the wooded walls of grey and red stone were veined with waterfalls that dropped in shimmering cascades from the top of the hills to the sea, dashing whitely against the cliffs below.

It took us all morning to pass San Jorge. How I longed to walk up those crooked streets of mystery, and clamber away up the heights to the farms so near the sky! And I can understand how the children of these isolated isles which rise so strangely from the lonely Atlantic waves have a longing for home which is a "pain, a passion, a purple pall."

We pass San Miguel tonight, so farewell, land! I was so glad to see the mountains that I almost wept. This limitless, rolling sea with its sublime and lonely sunsets, and its cold, moonlit waves makes me wish to sing a *saudade* too.

Ninth day out,
And all's best

Ship Gossip

THIS IS a glorious, bright, peaceful Sabbath day, and it is good to be alive.

The jolly German Captain invited us to visit him on the bridge. He explained everything and showed us his luxurious quarters and all his intimate little treasures. The control of such a great vessel seems wonderful. Last night at dinner the rudder was changed (so the Captain said) and we almost went under. The racks were on the tables but they did no good. Such a clatter! Wine

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bottles, water bottles, silver, dishes, and people per- *Ship Gossip*
formed wild gyrations.

We "dressed" and dined for the first time in state, everyone very curious about the wardrobe of everyone else. We made quite a dazzling appearance. An infant prodigy, who writes poems on her observations, and who is on her way around the world, accompanied by a missionary father and a mouse-like mother, exclaimed in her piercing nasal twang, as we filed into the dining-room, "Here come the bridesmaids!"

Three weeks ago I was home in California. Now I am on the tossing deep between the Azores and old Gibraltar.

Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I!

Tenth day out

MY HANDS are stiff with cold from a Mediterranean *Gibraltar*
breeze. I have been standing all morning watching the coast of Spain, and we have just passed Gibraltar, heart-broken because we can not land.

We sailed very near the bleak Spanish coast, passing towns, old Saracen towers, fishing boats dipping in the wind and hundreds of gulls and flying fish. Far ahead in the fog was Gibraltar.

The expected "thrills" at my first glimpse of the "Old World" failed to materialize. The rainbows in the spray fascinated me more! (I just heard a terrible explosion and rushed out to see three English cruisers at target practice. They botched badly.) But Gibraltar, jutting out far away, looming in mighty majesty as we drew nearer, *did* thrill me. It stands away from the land so bold and bare. The half-mile strip connecting it with Spain is neutral ground, fortified at one end by

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Gibraltar the English and at the other by the Spanish. On one side of the rock is the sheer cliff of Prudential Life Insurance fame!

I wish you could have seen the sunset. We sailed directly into the light cast by the moon on an ashen sea. Behind in the west the sun had gone down cloudless, leaving a glow in the sky and water, which swept around in a flaming semi-circle, licking up with its orange and crimson fire the pale light of the moon.

It was a perfect, calm night. The steward took us on a tour of the ship, first down into the second class and the steerage, and then out into the bow, where the Italians were sitting about playing on pipes, and cheering the light of St. Vincent on the Spanish coast thirty miles away. I climbed up into the very *beak* and watched the ship plow through the moonlit water. It gave me a feeling of wild freedom and power.

Eleventh day out

Algiers HERE am I all dressed in my "city clothes," as Tommy says, ready to land at Algiers.

Last night, a wonderful one on the Mediterranean, the Captain gave a ball, and afterward we had a "spread" in Bettina's cabin. How quickly one forgets the pangs of seasickness! I do not even squirm when I think of what we ate—such a feast, beginning with ginger ale and ending with brandied fruit-cake, from Kentucky and as rich as a lord!

Before I went to bed I stood out in the moonlight. It was glorious—the moonlight, the foam, the spray and the "wine-dark" sea Odysseus sailed.

Algiers! I can still see it and smell it!

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Algiers

We drew into the harbor a little before two o'clock. The city is spread out over the hills, a mass of white walls, red roofs and clumps of trees. From a distance it gives the impression of rising from the sea, supported by a series of black arches. As we came in near a stone breakwater, an Arab fisherman in a burnoose stalked out over the stones in exact time to the music of our band. Behind him the sea was like a melted sapphire.

We swung slowly around in the great bay, and I watched the swarming Arab boats bobbing about and into the sides of our vessel. They were manned by half-naked brown rascals who screeched at us in an impossible jargon, and who endangered themselves and their cargoes by their crazy antics and gestures. These cargoes consisted of baskets of figs and grapes, vegetables, fruit, twisted turban-like rings of bread and tin coffee pots. One fat old fellow wearing a blue Mother Hubbard did a voluble business with the steerage.

We landed in tenders, and clambered upon a wharf alive with Arabs, beggars, peddlers, French officers and guides. Such a jabber of tongues! All afternoon there was an incessant uproar. In fact, my chief impression of Algiers seems to be that of a city of babble.

Cousin Caroline secured carriages, but because of the infant prodigy, Henriette, Tommy and I became separated from the others and went careening about that motley city, three maidens all forlorn. There was a feministic battle over the cab between Henriette, who has the determination of spirited forbears, and the infant prodigy backed by her immediate ancestors. Polite

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Algiers militancy routed the impolite workers in mission fields, and, at last, with a stout French guide on the box, we clattered away.

We went first to a mosque, a huge arched place filled with bowing Arabs. About the doorways sprawled beggar women and children, most of them hideously deformed. At the fountain enclosed by a wooden grille, the Faithful were washing their feet, hands and tongues before saying their prayers. There were people all about us in various phases of devotion.

But the mosques, the cathedral, the Bey's palace, failed to interest me as did the streets teeming with wonderful life. I was enchanted with the Arabian Nights flavor of everything — the white floating burnooses and linen draperies of the Arabs; the baggy bloomers of the veiled women climbing gloomy alleys, silhouetted by the light beyond; the Ali-Baba doors with iron knockers moulded in the form of a hand; and the glimpses I caught of tiled passages and mysterious shadows as the doors opened and shut. Everywhere great eyes peered at us with such bold intensity and such strange intelligence that I became afflicted with that sensation expressively described by Mammy Florence as "the creeps!"

I felt particularly creepy (in more ways than one!) in the old Arab quarter, which we reached through a network of streets that became more crooked and more crowded at every step. We got out of our carriage in a rabble, fortunately not alone, for our darling German couple and a delightful lady, Mrs. Anna Coleman Ladd, the sculptress, had joined our party. So with the guide leading and the German officer chivalrously bringing up the rear, we began to ascend a street of worn steps just

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wide enough for two to pass. The faded pink and yellow houses with walls pierced by iron grilles and funny little blue windows met overhead. Alleys led away in every direction, up and down, curving and twisting, all a dense pack of humanity. And, oh, the horrible, black cubby-holes where they lived and had their shops! *Algiers*

After a gymnastic argument with a florist, a young Arab, who did business in a tiny hole in the wall next door to another hole where crouched the public letter-writer, our gallant guide presented each of us with a garland of jasmine. From a twig of box the flowers were strung on a string with a pink geranium for a bit of color, and at the end a ball of blossoms. I hung mine about my neck, and the heavy fragrance of the jasmine overpowered the sickening stench of the place.

Occasionally above the various strange sounds and voices we would hear a throbbing buzz which seemed to still all other noises. "How can bees swarm in such a place?" some one said. But it was only an Arab school, the boys squatting on the floor about the master and reciting the Koran in a minor and sing-song unison.

Just beyond one of these buzzing schools the guide stopped us before a blue tiled building, bearing the almost obliterated sign, "Les Bains pour Les Dames."

"*Monsieur,*" said the guide to the German officer, "*Voulez-vous rester ici avec moi, s'il vous plait, mais vous, mesdames, entrez, entrez!*"

The "mesdames" went in through the squat door with its wonderfully carved brass keyhole and latch. Ye gods! Tommy, after one look, shrieked and fled. The naked women in various stages of bathing in water of unspeakable filth were too much for her. I did not linger long,

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Algiers either, although an old hag pawed me over, urging me to stay and see the sights.

Tommy was highly scandalized at everything, and kept her jasmine garland crushed to her nose. The impudence of the Arabs horrified her. For many a crouching rogue, sipping his coffee, or dear knows what, would look up at us and say: "All right you, yes, yes, you all right!" and leer out of magnificent eyes.

In the dirtiest, narrowest, gloomiest street of all there was a pepper shop, a hole, completely hung, ceiling, walls and entrance, with scarlet peppers; and in this red glory grinned a jolly old Arab in a faded blue burnoose. I stood looking at him with a feeling of wild rapture! Why? I do not know, except that he was the living embodiment of the cry, "Come, fill the cup!" and no doubt had long since flung his winter-garment of Repentance into the fire of Spring!

The next alley ended at a tall cream-colored house. It had iron grilles, and a terrace on the roof from which hung a red and blue rug. The sun was shining on it up there, and the walls reflected a long crack of light down into the darkness below. Descending the worn, terraced steps, the light on her and the shadows all about her, came an Arab girl. She wore a brilliant cerise shawl over her head and tripped along holding the corners of it in her outstretched hands, almost touching the walls on each side. Her anklets tinkled on the stones.

This child and the Arab in the pepper shop were the high lights among the sinister shadows of the rest of this Arabian setting.

When we left the fascinating old quarter we had a long drive over the modern French city. How the young

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German scorned the French officers he saw on the streets! Bless his heart, he was engagingly deaf, which only furnished a just excuse for the proximity of his wife's red lips. *Algiers*

It was almost dark when we returned to the dock, where we were hailed by a distracted family all doing excellent chorus work on the refrain of "Whatever became of you girls?"

After we returned to the ship, I stood on deck and feasted my eyes—the lights of the city twinkling star-like, the lights of the harbor, and over all a full African moon blazing a great path into the bay and making all the entire white city luminous.

Thirteenth day

I HAVE been watching the sunset off Sardinia. It painted the sea a ruddy gold out of which rose the barren tawny island like the mythical land of the Golden Fleece. As the ship parted the metallic tide, the spray was dashed up in myriads of jewels. I faced the spicy wind and imagined myself a Jason sailing through the golden haze into the mystery of far amethystine-shadowed craigs.

The Captain's dinner was very gay. The saloon was hung with banners, and tiny paper flags fluttered upon the tables. At the dessert course all the lights were turned off, whereupon the American and German flags behind the Captain parted, showing a blazing *Auf Wiedersehen* and an *Au Revoir*. Little lighthouses on the tables began to flash, and then the waiters in a procession brought the ices moulded in forms of Japanese ladies carrying parasols and lighted lanterns. The Captain's round, red,

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Algiers Teutonic face beamed on all the gay company, while his great laugh boomed out above the music of the band.

Last day

We are slipping into the Bay of Naples escorted by a convoy of spouting Neapolitan dolphins of a decided mercenary tendency. They dive into the blue, oily water, thrust the pennies thrown to them into their brown cheeks, and bob beseechingly in the wake of the ship, their black curls plastered to their round heads, and their beautiful naked bodies writhing in anticipation of other penny dives.

Our German lovers are standing arm in arm at the rail. The young officer is scowling along his very straight nose at a detachment of *Bersaglieri*, which is trotting over the sea-wall near the Castello dell'Ovo.

The embryo priests are singing "Good-bye, girls" with a vim.

Naples towers above the blue, blue waters, and all about the superb crescent of the bay I can see jagged Ischia, the point where Æneas buried his valiant old father, puffing Vesuvius and far-away misty blue Capri.

Bella Italia at last!

How will she greet me?

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CHAPTER II.
FIRST DAYS IN OUR ROMAN HOME.

Rome,
October, 1913

Ave Roma Immortalis!

JUST at sunset we swept down from the wooded shadows of the Alban hills into the radiance of the wide Campagna. There lay the "Mother of Nations"—a dream city in the light of the vanishing day. Broken battalions of aqueducts marched black against the splendor, and far beyond in the opalescent haze hung St. Peter's dome.

Arrival

I felt dazed as we stopped at the big station in the roar of arrival. The air was rent with shrill cries of "*Facchino!*" and several blue-smocked porters flung open the doors of our compartment and emptied it of us and our luggage. They recognized Cousin Caroline and hailed her, grinning, "*Benvenuto a Roma, Signora! Ha Lei avuto un buon viaggio da Nuova Yorka?*" (Welcome to Rome, Signora! Have you had a good journey from New York?)

We were soon tightly packed away in carriages and driving across a large piazza, in the center of which a mighty fountain sent up wild jets of water into the dusk; half around the wide place towered the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian. I was in a dream all during that mysterious drive, which was accompanied by an incessant clatter of hoofs. In the grey darkness I saw nothing distinctly save an occasional glitter in the lighted windows of a silversmith's shop.

At last we turned into Via Gregoriana and stopped at

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Our Roman Home

the entrance of our Roman home. In the doorway of this *palazzo* stood a little nut-like man, whose big nose was the reddest I ever beheld. He was Luigi, our *portiere*, grinning from ear to ear, and saying in a dry, crisp voice that matched his face, *"Buona sera, Signorine, buona sera!"* Running down the marble stairs came two immaculate girls, Vinanzia and Fulvia, and behind them our debonair chef, Enrico, all in white. The maids shyly kissed our hands, and all this personnel of our menage, laden with the luggage, escorted us up the stairs to our *appartamento* on the first floor.

We scampered all over the place immediately and it is odd and charming. Some of the windows look out upon the golden church of the Trinità de' Monti and the piazza. From the others we have all Rome, particularly from the two great windows in this drawing-room where I am writing now. It is large and lofty, the floor red-tiled, the walls grey and silver and the hangings and chair coverings of red satin damask. The furniture is carved antique, and with Cousin Caroline's handsome pictures, bronzes, books and trinkets it is a love of a room. Adjoining it is a *seicento salottino*, and a glass-inclosed conservatory leads to a stately dining-room. Off of one of the bedrooms upstairs is our terrace gay with flowers, and our *view*, for we hang in the air at the top of the Spanish Steps, and imperial Rome lies spread below.

Dinner was quiet and subdued. Our American faces looked pale in the dusk of the room lighted only by the candles on the table. I, for one, felt awed and oppressed by the splendor of my first glimpse of Rome. The very smell of the city was different!

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Our Roman Home

We have met an addition to our household here in Miss Fairbury. She and I, it seems, are doomed to lead a double life! Cousin Caroline's apartment lacks sleeping-rooms so Miss Fairbury and I have rooms in a house down the street. Mine is a tiny place, twice as high as it is long. It has a black and white stone floor, and one huge window heavily shuttered both without and within. How strange I felt that first night, the sounds of Rome faint in my ears and an occasional voice or footstep echoing down the street below.

We are waited upon by little Maddalena of the perpetual cheery grin. She comes night and morning with *acqua calda* (hot water) in a wonder of a copper pot, and prepares our variable *bagno* (bath). Her "*Buona notte, Signorina, buon riposo!*" are the last words I hear at night, and I wish I might say that her "*Buon giorno*" are the first I hear in the morning, but I can't. She never even disturbs my profound sleep, and it usually takes a vigorous knocking by Miss Fairbury to get me out of bed in time for breakfast.

At the entrance to this night apartment of ours sits old Domenico and his big cat, one pouring over the "Tribuna" and the other blinking above his tucked-in paws. And in a chink in the wall, from which at meal time is wafted a sickening odor of rank cheese, is little old Teresa, Domenico's wizened wife, who always begins our day for us with a shrill-voiced blessing and "*buon giorno,*" as we start over home to breakfast.

Via Gregoriana is a small, narrow street, cobble-paved, with no sidewalks, and bordered by old houses and villas. At the top, where it joins the piazza, Francesco, the one-legged beggar holds forth in the shadow

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Our Roman Home

of the portico of a little *palazzo*. He hops about on his one leg and one crutch with the most amazing agility, and every time we go in or out we have to return his radiant greeting. He blacks our boots, and the people living in the piazza support him.

We are to be a studious family. Miss Fairbury is attending the life classes at Noel's studio. He is a great French painter who has a large class of students. Bettina will study languages, and I shall have my music, for which I came.

We Ride in the Pincio

This afternoon we rode in the Pincio, which is quite the Roman thing to do o' Sundays. Everyone goes, from bareheaded *contadini* (country people) in dilapidated cabs to elaborately coiffed *contesse* in limousines. The drives of this lovely park overhanging Rome with its trees and fountains and statues, were packed, a mass of carriages, automobiles and pedestrians, everyone staring at everyone else, and at the *Americane* in *particolare*. The Roman *beau monde* congregate in the open space near the band stand. Instead of calling they take this opportunity to meet, and go from machine to machine making visits. *Molto comodo!*

The men stroll around in trios staring at the ladies. They are true descendants of an art-loving race, for they strike the most heroic-statue-like attitudes as unconsciously as they breathe. They are on perpetual search for adventure, and adventure for them means a responsive flicker in some feminine eye!

Adjoining the Pincio are the beautiful dells and *boschi* of the Villa Borghese, through which we drove at a crawling pace. No wonder adventure and romance thrive in such surroundings; and the Pincio has its "lover's-

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leap," a sheer wall of great height, over which disappointed lovers hurl themselves in their amorous frenzy. *We Ride in the Pincio*

October 20th

I MET, this morning, a remarkable woman, the Signora Rebaudi. She is the most radiant creature as to face, mind and heart that it has ever been my fortune to meet, and the Tuscan language in her Roman mouth is a sound to melt one's heart. Bettina and I are to have the pleasure of studying with her, and such an ambitious course she has mapped out! *New Friends*

"Work! Work!" she said laughing, "Kill yourselves!"

"Dante and Manzoni are all very well," I told her, "but I want to see my home again."

This afternoon, while I was practicing in the drawing-room, I heard a commotion of voices.

"Bettina, *ma jolie petite bébé!*" followed by a torrent of the juiciest French you can imagine. And then Bettina's little squeal. "Oh, Madame, *comme je suis contente de vous voir!*"

I ran out to the sun passage and there sat Bettina in the lap of a handsome woman, who was showering her with funny French endearments: "My little cat! My pretty cabbage! When will you become a woman? Never, never, is it not so? Always you will be a little baby!"

It was Madame Mottironi, whom Bettina had known two years ago. We are to study French with her. For many years she has been teaching ambassadors' daughters and rich Americans who stay at the fashionable Roman hotels, to speak her language. Madame's adored Italian *mari* is in the government, and they both

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New Friends idolize their children, called by Madame, Charles, Henri and Blanche, and by Signor, Carlo, Enrico and Bianca. Dear, charming Madame! She is like a breeze, always gay, always fascinating. *"Je ris, mais souvent mon coeur pleure."* She is a true Frenchwoman.

Rambles We have had several rambles — one I love — down the Spanish Steps, which seem to fall in cascades into the Piazza di Spagna below, and then on to the Corso, that chief artery of the heart of Rome, down which ran the wild horses in the racing days of the old Romans. It is very narrow, also the sidewalks; so if one wishes to stop to window-gaze the passersby have to step into the street.

The peddlers of post-cards and mosaic jewelry all but throw their arms about one's neck in their efforts to sell. One bold-eyed wretch, having heard me speak to Bettina, immediately seized upon the name and yelled, "Bettina, buy post-card," and then, "Skiddoo!" as we brushed by.

October 23d

A Music Maestro I AM delighted with my music *maestro*, Signor di Tullio. He does not speak English and was pleased when he found I could manage a little Italian. He is so reposeful, quiet and yet forceful in his manner, I know he will have the proper effect on my high-strung, dramatic self. And oh, how he can play with his beautiful, long hands! He is a young man and his fine head is very Roman.

I sang an old Italian song and an aria, after which he said, *"Bravo! Lei ha una bella voce."* (You have a beautiful voice.) Then, having vocalized me carefully, he picked out the faults: rigidity, too far back in the throat, high notes not well enough supported. He also said that

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A Music Maestro

my middle voice is too throaty, and my chest tones too weak—but still it is a "*bella voce!*"

Well, our Roman life seems safely launched, and all during these first days I have been as in a dream. I have suffered from a keen realization of what an atom I am in this world. It is true that in no city in the world does one feel so small as in Rome. But I am growing better acquainted with the old "mother" day by day. It does not take long to learn to love her.

Busy Days

This is the programme of my busy days. After a breakfast of *café au lait*, rolls and Sicilian honey, we walk in the Pincio. We sprint about the gravel paths, bordered by busts of famous Italians, for half an hour. Then I practice, and sharply at ten Signora arrives with her radiant greeting, "*Buon giorno. Che bella mattina!*" (What a beautiful morning.) Three times a week I have my lessons with di Tullio. At twelve I become a Frenchwoman. Poor Madame! She is so often late! She comes rushing in, five, ten minutes after the hour, her mouth all pursed with French excuses:

"The tram was in retard! That little wretch of a *cocher* crawled, really!" And because of her charm we forgive; no one can be very cross with naughty Madame.

She often stays and has luncheon with us. I hardly talk at all, just munch, munch, munch, and watch Madame's mouth, which fascinates me. All Frenchwomen seem to have lovely mouths. I think it is because their language, with its "u's," "eu's" and nasals develops muscles we never use in speech.

In the afternoon we are always out—walks, drives, sightseeing; the "season" has not yet begun. Late in the afternoon we have tea, prepared by Vinanzia and Fulvia.

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Busy Days They are the daughters of a well-to-do farmer, and are little beauties — such soft, black eyes, shining hair and cheeks like peaches. Vinanzia has had a romance. A prosperous countryman, who lives in America in a State Vinanzia calls "O-ee-o," became enamored of her portrait, and asked her! She rejected his suit, but her more daring elder sister, Rita, took a chance and crossed the ocean to be Gigi's bride. One was as good as another, so it seemed, for:

"They were pleasing to each other, and *ha fatto un bambino*" (She has "made" a baby), says Vinanzia.

After our dinner at half past seven the evening melts away, and I am only too glad to seek my little bed.

October 25th

Frascati THIS IS a lovely Sunday morning. All the bells of Rome's many hundred churches are pealing. They are mellow and old and musical. Before we go to church I must tell you about our day at Frascati and Tusculum, and the adventure we had there.

Miss A., a friend of Cousin Caroline's, chaperoned us. We started forth bright and early, carrying the lunch Enrico had prepared for us, in gay wicker baskets. When the Frascati tram came into the station we did an American rush, and by beaming on the conductor we succeeded in boarding the car before it stopped. This tram, a double-decked affair, was a joy, and we went second class on the roof. The seats are in two long rows down the center of the car, back to back, and we had a sweeping view of the Campagna as we crossed it, and the yellowing vineyards on the hills as we climbed to Frascati.

Along the white roads the wine carts were plodding,

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The Gravel Paths of the Pincio Bordered by Busts of Famous Italians

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gay blue and purple two-wheeled carts, drawn by a small mule adorned with red woolen balls on strings, a collar of bells, and sometimes a red or blue feather cockade on his hairy brow. A large bundle of hay is usually tied to the shaft so Mr. Animal can take a bite whenever he so desires! The driver is often asleep under a gaudy brocade canopy lined snugly with goat skin, and a little fox of a dog does the driving and guards the kegs of wine piled on the cart. Every day they go back and forth to the city from the hill towns across the Campagna. *Frascati*

We had scarcely started when our adventure began. Two extremely good-looking young men, dressed immaculately, walked down past us and stood, one at the end of the seat and the other leaning on the rail at our knees. During the hour ride to Frascati, never once did they remove their eyes from us, although they changed places and sometimes made whispered remarks.

When we reached the big piazza at Frascati, Miss A. hustled her flock through the besieging crowd of cab drivers and guides, into a hotel, hoping to "shake" our admirers. In vain! When we came out, there they were, gracefully leaning on their canes, waiting for us. Not a word was said, although everyone was nudging everyone else, and Miss A. was like a hen with a brood of chicks, over which a hawk hovers.

Cousin Caroline had written to provide us with mounts for our climb to Tusculum, and I wish you could have seen the little beasties dozing in the shadow of a wall—the tiniest, scrubbiest little donkeys you can imagine; all of abject appearance, all saddled with the craziest pieces of leather and carpet, and bridled with bits of

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Frascati string and rope, and all covered, no doubt, with fleas! There was a large, amused and vocal throng watching us mount, whilst on the outskirts of the noisy ring posed our cavaliers.

At last we were off amid cheers and applause from the spectators, and we clattered up the narrow stone street, where ragged washings dangled from every window, and where old men and women, children, dogs and cats swarmed in every doorway. We had a voluble following a long way up the hill, but our cavaliers remained behind evidently making plans.

There were two guides, Amando and Enrico, who drove the donkeys. The little beasts crowded together, regardless of hanging feet and projecting knees, while we squealed and laughed. Mine was a sober grey little rat, and he did not care where he went so long as he was in the thick of things, rubbing me against walls or tearing me to tatters in the bushes. My very exposé legs were almost scraped from my body!

Suddenly we left the steep Frascati streets and rode straight into a Maxfield Parrish picture. It was the broad terrace of Villa Aldobrandini, one of the old medieval estates for which, like its wine, Frascati is so famous. The great balustrade with its stone balls and urns, surmounted a wall, dropping to the plain, and all the Campagna and distant, misty Rome, were spread out beyond. We rode through a grove of ilex trees into an enchanted garden, where a great fountain tumbled over a vine-grown precipice from under a slab of stone bearing a Latin inscription.

From this villa the road wound up the mountain past pink *villini*, olive groves and pine and ilex woods. At

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one side was an ancient stone wall, and beyond, a view of the plain with its fringe of distant mountains. *Frascati*

At last we came to the old Tusculum road. The pavement of broad, flat, slate-colored stones is still intact. Think of riding over a road that was alive with traffic before the year One, and before Rome had become a power! It led out upon a plateau where a little theatre, encircled by yellowing chestnut and sycamore trees marks all that is left of the city of Telegonus, and Cicero's summer home. *Tusculum*

We were ravenous, and sat down on the stage to eat our lunch of rolls, fresh butter pats, ham, cheese and delicious Frascati wine. Amando and Enrico gathered chestnuts and roasted them in a hole in the stage steps. Whilst eating we heard a clatter of hoofs and behold, our two cavaliers on horses! They stopped with a flourish and began to stroll nearer and nearer us in circles.

"Now girls," said Miss A., "don't notice them at all. Pay no attention to them." However every eye was irresistibly turned in their direction!

After luncheon we climbed the hill behind us to the pile of stones that was once the citadel of Tusculum. The bells of a convent down the hillside rang out, the sound coming up to us sweet and clear.

Our cavaliers were with us every instant, very near indeed, leaning on their canes, strolling at our side, and looking unutterable things. When the guides went out into the woods to collect the donkeys, our swains immediately interviewed them. Amando told them we were American *signorine* of a great gentility, and that it would be impossible to start anything with us, even if they did find us attractive.

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Tusculum

"*Machè*. These Signori are just diverting themselves," said Amando with an air of having done likewise himself.

Frascati Villas

The path down was rough and wild, through thick underbrush. We passed little shrines in the rocky cliffs, wooden crosses, peasants gathering fagots and tending sheep. At Villa Mondragone, now a Jesuit convent, our donkeys behaved in a mad manner. You see they were so unaccustomed to human freight, having carried only bundles of fagots and kegs of grapes and wine, that they resented a burden that shrieked and yelled and dug heels into hairy sides.

They made a concerted dash on the terrace of Mondragone, and completely surrounded an amazed young artist, who had been sketching in solitude the moment before. He was flattened out against the balustrade in a forest of American legs and donkey noses and ears. Apologies, explanations, reassurances and retirement of embarrassed ladies on sulky steeds!

Nor was this all. Coming out we stampeded into a group of young priests and their instructors, and an ox team and cart. There was general consternation among all, particularly among the young priests, when my donkey, suddenly seized with piety, sank to its knees, while I "continued on," as Ben says, landing in the arms of the church!

"Thou beast of a thousand devils!" shrieked Amando. "May you die of an apoplexy!" But I was on its back again in a jiffy, and the priests and the ox cart gave us the complete right of way.

We stopped at Villa Falconieri with its poetic cypress-encircled pool. The Kaiser now owns this villa, and sends

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his officers here for vacations. Then we rode on down to Frascati, and were again received with acclaim by the populace. We visited a wine shop and saw them making wine, the men stamping out the grapes with their bare feet. Down beneath were the subterranean cellars where the wine is stored; and across the street was the public laundry, a long, stone tub, about which all the women and children of the town were pounding out their clothes. *Frascati Villas*

We came home in the sunset, Frascati with its grey old villas and wood-crowned hills bathed in light. Our cavaliers were with us in exactly the same positions, and after we reached the city, they followed us home.

When one of us — guess which — took off the long coat she was wearing, she found a note tucked into a pocket. It was written in French and said:

"Mademoiselle, your beauty has taken possession of all my heart. I pray you to love me as I love you. Write me. Guglielmo Massini." Then he added, "I shall await thy pleasure. Thy Guglielmo." "Guglielmo" done into English means "William."

Stupendous excitement among all!

Sunday afternoon

WELL, WHEN we returned from St. Paul's, there they were in the street! They loitered about and now have us well located. We are going to Vesper services at the Church of the Blue Nuns, and are wondering if they will follow us. The girls report that they are in the piazza now!

Sunday evening

A FITTING end to this day, for now all the bells of Rome are ringing out the evening chimes. We have just re- *The Church of the Blue Nuns*

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The Church of the Blue Nuns

turned from the Church of the Blue Nuns. If the service had been performed on the stage the audience would have gasped an "Oh!" of delight over its beauty: the blue and gold little church, divided by a gilt grille behind which the nuns sat; the altar aglitter with candles, the rest of the church in gloom; and the nuns, in their pale blue robes and white veils, kneeling while they sang the vespers in their clear, sweet voices.

Our cavaliers followed us there, remained during the service, returned with us and are now lingering in the piazza, although they see nothing for the shutters are tightly closed. *Che pazzia!* (what madness!) as Vinanzia said when she saw them.

Cousin Caroline is "on," and is furious! She threatens to notify the *Carabinieri* (military police)!

October 28th

S. P. Q. R.

MY FEET, shod in my nice brown shoes, have stood upon the ground of the Mistress of the World, the real "S. P. Q. R." These letters are seen upon everything and have been the sign of Rome from time immemorial—"Senatus Popolusque Romanus." Republican Rome stamped their bricks with them; medieval Rome carved them into the corner stones of palaces; and modern Rome paints them on the tram cars. They seem more Roman than the name of Rome itself.

I looked down on the Forum ruins for the first time from the Capitoline hill. There they lie, magnificent columns, triumphal arches, fallen marbles, ruined temples, basilicas, the arched and crumbling chambers of the palaces of the Cæsars piled on the Palatine, far in the distance the Colosseum, and the whole mantled in grass,

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maiden-hair fern, pink clover, dandelions and daisies. *S. P. Q. R.* Where a great race lived and had its being, and sent its influencing civilization down to the time of a certain insignificant Californian Miss, there are now only hundreds of families of lizards darting over the historic stones. I felt like weeping. Where shall we and our "S. P. Q. R." be in a thousand years?

We crossed the very portal over which Julius Cæsar stepped for the last time on the day he was murdered, and went into the temple Augustus erected to his memory. We visited the tomb of Romulus, that first king of Rome whom the kind old wolf suckled. We walked the *Via Sacra* and some of us climbed up into the rostrum, where the great Roman orators spoke. Perhaps "*O tempora, O mores!*" was thundered from this place!

I liked the house of the Vestal Virgins best. The rooms are in a good state of preservation, and in the corridor there are patches of exquisite marble pavement, which the custodian carefully covered with dirt. The walls of the rooms are veiled in ferns and the recent rains have brought out little starry flowers in the tender grass. In the atrium there are three large pools bordered by red roses. The roses were reflected in the water; beyond this placid mirror was the vine-draped shrine to Vesta, and towering over all, the columns of Castor and Pollux, between which gleamed the brilliant Italian sky.

A cranky artist was painting it beautifully, and she was provoked because we looked over her shoulder.

We walked down to the Forum through the old part of the city. Everything since the B. C. era is quite modern! I love the vegetable shops. Carrots, celery, beets and *finocchi* are tied in bunches and festooned around

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S. P. Q. R. the entrance. Usually next door, naked chickens and skinned lambs and kids dangle by their feet. Then the dark little streets are also enlivened by the *antichità*, where a frowsy wench sits in the doorway, beneath the gilt frames and swinging altar lamps, darning a piece of old brocade. There are hordes of cats in every stage of decrepitude and friskiness, but they do not understand English!

We came home in cabs. The horses are much better treated than I expected. They go at a terrific rate down the narrow streets and it is quite perilous on foot. Turning a corner we ran into an automobile. A loud and vigorous argument followed between our *cocchiere* and the chauffeur. An Italian never misses an opportunity to talk.

How would you like to dry your hair on a terrace overlooking all Rome? Talitha and I are writing and drying, killing two birds with one stone. Also taking a shot at a third, when we look across to the Janiculum and see the stone-pines of Villa Pamfili Doria stalking along against the sky like a procession of umbrellas.

October 30th

OUR CAVALIERS have spent three entire days in the piazza! Just as Cousin Caroline, who insists that they are a couple of cooks, although they look like princes, was in despair, we settled the matter ourselves. From Bettina's room we saw them and burst out laughing. I am sure they heard us because of the marvelous acoustics of these stone walls and streets, and, as an Italian can stand anything but ridicule, they have disappeared.

Signora says that her brother used to start forth on

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We See the Stone-Pines of Villa Pamfili-Doria

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adventure conveniently supplied with notes to blondes and brunettes, and was an adept in slipping them into muffs and pockets! *S. P. Q. R.*

The "Niobe of Nations" has perked up considerably since Byron's day. She is no longer "childless," as witness the crowds that throng her streets. Her "withered hands" are now prosperously plump, and "old Tiber" can no longer "rise with his yellow waves," because the handsome embankments hem him in! *The Niobe of Nations*

Pedo, the artistic proprietor of an art shop in Via Sistina, told me that he can remember when the "yellow waves" rose as far as the Piazza di Spagna, and everyone went about in boats. Those were the days of fever and picturesque old Rome, for which many people mourned when embankments and health came to take their place.

Pedo is a large, middle-aged man, who wears a soft hat on his Jove-like curls, and a flowing tie about his great Italian throat. His deep voice is like a bell. We call him "Mr. If-you-please," because he begins, ends and punctuates his sentences with that expression. He is usually seen at the door of his shop reading the "Tribuna" or the "Messaggero," while his dear, little old maid sister, "*mia sorella,*" does the business. Pedo has been a poet and an actor. I asked him how he learned English. "Oh, I study continually," he said. "I read Byron and Shakespeare aloud. If you please, that is the only way, Signorina. Goodness sakes, yes!"

We crossed the Tiber the first time the day we went to St. Peter's. It is truly a yellow stream, and the Castle of Sant'Angelo matches it. The exterior of St. Peter's impressed me more than the interior. There is a grandeur *St. Peter's*

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St. Peter's in the great piazza, the spouting fountains, the sweeping colonnades; and over all Michelangelo's dome, that the interior lacks. But the immensity of the place seen from the doors, as I stood on the stone where all the Emperors of the Catholic empire since Charlemagne have been crowned, did impress me. However, the statues of Popes and Saints writhing about on the great pilasters are hideous. I was glad to find Michelangelo's solemn "Pietà" in one of the dark chapels.

At the baldacchino under the dome and directly over the tomb of St. Peter, I discovered a freak of the Italian mind of Bernini's time. The pillars made of bronze taken from Pagan temples, with their marble bases were designed by Bernini. In each of these columns is a tiny face, horribly distorted, supposed to be that of a Barbarini princess in seven stages of childbirth! The last head is that of a laughing babe. The Princess promised to give vast sums to the church if she was safely delivered, and Bernini paid her this—compliment.

Dancing Lessons Some of us are taking dancing lessons. Yes, I have the craze and must tango! We go down at dusk to a brilliant ball room, where a wonderful little *professore* of the dance, Picchetti by name, takes us in hand. His walls are covered with diplomas and letters from all the crowned heads and people-in-waiting you ever heard of, and we see interesting Italians, from babies to grandfathers, waiting in the various anterooms. Picchetti and his Signora teach over a thousand people a week, so you see Italy is "keeping up with Lizzie."

Yesterday morning we saw a civil wedding at the Capitoline Conservatory. I should be very superstitious if I were an Italian girl being married in that place!

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Dancing Lessons

The Conservatory stands on the site of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and it is a well known fact that His Olympian Majesty was notoriously unfaithful! The blushing bride had no such thoughts, as she sat stiffly erect, her lover at her side, and made her timid responses to the magistrate.

What do you think? At the Conservatory, I put my fingers into the hole, made by the lightning, in the right hind leg of the bronze wolf, that stood in the Forum and that Cicero mentions in his orations. Sounds like the house-that-Jack-built, but I was thrilled nevertheless!

That same morning we peeked into the Capitoline Museum, across the piazza, and I saw the Marble Faun of Praxiteles, and the magnificent Dying Gladiator. Everything about the Gladiator is perfect. The soles of the feet look worn and tough. The very body seems to glisten with the sweat of combat and of death.

We had a birthday dinner tonight—Henriette's. The girls gave her a huge sheaf of yellow chrysanthemums which graced the center of the table; the candles had yellow shades, and we all wore yellow—an autumn color and a compliment to the feted one's magnificent pale hair. Our dinners in this dusky, damask-hung room with its deep embrasured windows and its richly carved buffets and table are a nightly function. Through the great doorway we look out beyond the conservatory to the sumptuous sunset skies against which is imprinted the noble outline of the city. Enrico gave us a famous dinner—we are all waxing fat under his ministrations—and it is thrilling to be served a golden soup by the Madonna della Sedia and by Angelo's Delphic Sibyl! For dessert we had our favorite Monte Bianco—a de-

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Dancing Lessons

licious purée of chestnuts covered with a thick whipped cream. Afterward we danced in the drawing-room, which proceeding created a lively interest on the part of the Russian princes smoking their excellent cigars on the flowering terrace below us.

Today I enjoyed all my work, particularly my singing lesson. I now have to learn to limber up, open up and then I'll soar *up*, higher, I hope, than I have ever soared before.

"Piano! Piano!" says Signor di Tullio, curbing my usual soaring ambition to achieve the summit prestissimo. "You Americans wish to arrive before you do the work. You wish to sing Grand Opera before you can sing scales. Your teachers make a great mistake. They teach music and do not teach how to use the voice when singing music. *Pazienza!*"

How much better if we had a little more *piano* in our brisk language—if we sipped life and work more leisurely! We often miss the essential flavor in our rush. But the Italian with his *piano*, his calming *pazienza*, tastes each moment as it passes.

Nevertheless there is one phase of this Italian life that is afflicted with the maddest kind of American rush —these moments I am now living. All too swiftly they are hurrying into eternity.

Piano! O delightful Roman moments of mine. *Piano, la prego.*

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CHAPTER III.
ROME—THE MOTHER OF NATIONS.

Rome,
November, 1913

ANOTHER lovely day in the country. We went to Genzano and Nemi. I liked everything, even the dirt!

Would you believe it, we met those ridiculous swains just as we started. They made an attempt to follow us, but arrived at the station too late for our tram. I can hear them say, "*Accidente!*" or a stronger swear!

Some of us crowded into a double seat, the only one left, with a fat, middle-aged Italian who began to enjoy himself hugely. They are never too old for that. Miss A., intending to nip any further adventures in the bud, asked the old codger to change places with her. He was furious, and followed shrugging of shoulders, elevation of eyebrows, and mutterings!

Again we crossed the Campagna and climbed the Alban hills covered with vineyards. The vines are trained on tripods, or looped from tree to tree in the orchards, and they look like ballet dancers holding out their skirts.

Genzano

It was All Saints' day and the piazza at Genzano was alive with people. Clustered about the fountain were drinking mules and donkeys, women filling beautiful copper jars which they carry on their heads, and people of all descriptions performing toilets. I laughed at one small boy who was being scrubbed by his *madre*. He

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Genzano howled in the tremendous voice they all have, while she rubbed his head and ears furiously. Next him a mule drank and slobbered in the water, and on the other side an old hag was trying to fill a wine bottle. Hundreds of children were rolling in the dirt. On every doorstep sat an ancient grandam holding a baby done up in swaddling clothes.

We ate our lunch on the terrace of the Belvedere Ristorante, under a pergola from which the grapes hung down in purple clusters. Beyond the iron railing and the pink stucco balustrade was the Lake of Nemi, placid and crystal clear, the sky and hills reflected enchantingly. The ancients called it "Diana's Mirror," and it occupies the crater of an old volcano. Behind us were the plain and the distant sea, and the picturesque town, noisy with the shrill voices of women and children.

We ordered macaroni and wine to add to the lunch we had brought. However we gave most of the macaroni to an old woman who took it to another table, ate part of it and carefully wrapped the rest in a piece of paper, commending us to God as she left. Everyone is welcome, princes and beggars.

Nemi After lunch we walked around the lake to the grey old town of Nemi. The road led along the top of the hills through a lovely woodland where we still found cyclamen, wild sage, clematis and a few strawberries, for which Nemi is famous. Little wayside shrines were hollowed in the rocks, sheltering plaster Virgins and Saints. There was always a bunch of flowers stuck in the wire screens. We passed donkeys loaded with grapes or almost lost to sight beneath a mound of fagots. Imagine a bundle of sticks walking down the road on four little

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legs! The grape pickers were all coming into town for the *festa* of All Saints; bronzed young men, and girls gaily dressed in red, purple and blue skirts, a bright handkerchief or a very dirty drab one tied over their heads. *Nemi*

Nemi is a real fairy-book little town, with its turreted castle rising on a huge rock from the lake far below. At the gate we were stopped by two *Carabinieri*. It is their business to demand toll on all edibles brought in. There is a duty on such things from different towns. The *Carabinieri knew* we had nothing but they wanted a good look at the *Americane*.

From the gate we followed the road as it curved about the rock to the castle and the tiny market place. It was thronged with men, women, boys, girls, children, babies, witches, gnomes, donkeys, mules, dogs, cats, chickens and fleas! *All* of them immediately drew nigh unto us, and if we had been a crowd of naked cannibals we could not have attracted more attention and interested comment.

In the romantic garden of the Ruspoli castle, which hangs above the lake, we encountered a cat who understood English. He came bounding into our arms when we called "Kitty!" And would you believe it, I think we enjoyed him more than we did the broken statues, the tubbed orange trees and the roses of that old castle garden!

The *principessa* is an American, so perhaps that accounts for the cat's linguistic talent!

November 2d
All Souls

IF I WERE Pierre de Coulevain (who died last summer

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All Souls at Lausanne) I would write something worth reading about the living and the dead at Campo Santo.

We drove out in the midst of an enormous crowd that looked as if it were on its way to a *festa*. The streets were lined with flower booths, all kinds, from painted tin wreaths to beautiful sheaves of chrysanthemums.

We entered the cemetery through a great gate and saw a forest of cypress, a broad walk crowded with people, a wide circular colonnade containing tombs, and in the center a wilderness of graves, all white, all covered with flowers and all aglow with lighted lamps.

It was dusk when we left. The vast place was a mass of flowers and people and twinkling lights. The air was heavy with perfume and murmurous with voices. The great cypresses towered blackly against the purple, starlit sky. The living went home to hot dinners; the dead—who knows?

November 11th

THIS IS St. Martin's day, and there have been music in the air and soldiers in the street all day.

I have just come from a fine hour of practice. I want to sing all the time these days. Di Tullio told me that if I continue to improve as I have begun, I shall have a "*bellissima voce, carina, morbida, aperta, abbondante,*" et cetera! When I sing "*Voi Che Sapete*" it sounds like Farrar on the Victrola!

Shopping Well, I ordered a hat yesterday afternoon from the house of Bucchi, one of the smart Roman shops. The hat is really stunning although the ostrich that grew the big plume made into a "fantasy" would collapse could he see it now! Miss Fairbury and Bettina were with me

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The Walls and Gateways Fire My Imagination

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and after I decided about the hat, we went down on the Corso and poked around to our heart's content. I stand glued to the windows. Such beautiful things and so cheap! I bought two excellent pairs of gloves each for fifty cents. *Shopping*

Bettina treated us to marrons glaces, of all delicious tidbits they are the delicious-est; and I invited them to join me in refreshment at "Old England," "*Vecchia Inghilterra,*" as the Italians call it. This is an English-Italian department store, where one may procure the weirdest American soda-water I ever imbibed!

Thus fortified we went on a ramble, and saw first the Pantheon, which is now a tomb for Italian kings. Raphael and Victor Emmanuel are buried here. This magnificent structure, where the sun of centuries has thrust a shaft of light through the opening of the roof into the majestic gloom below, has been in constant use ever since it was erected. Over the superb portico is chiseled in letters that defy time, "M. Agrippa. L. F. Costertium Fecit." How the Romans loved to label all their great works with their names!

We stumbled by chance on rag fair, also called "thieves' market." Such a rabble! There were hundreds of little booths containing everything under the sun, and hundreds buying and selling in a loud tone of voice. There are often wonderful bargains here in antiques.

On the way home we walked down a winding road between high walls, over the tops of which frothed the rich foliage of hidden gardens. The walls and gateways are charming. They fire my imagination.

This afternoon we were out with a young Italian, Emilia Bonazzi. She is studying at the University, pre-

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Shopping paring to teach, and lives with her *madrina* (godmother) while in Rome. She is a Perugian. Signorina, who is pretty and full of life and fun, comes every afternoon to talk with us, go for walks, and she often stays to dinner. As she does not speak English we have hilarious times telling our heart's secrets in Italian.

November 14th

St. John Lateran YESTERDAY was a glorious day but too cold to go to Tivoli, so we went to St. John Lateran, the church and palace occupied by the Popes before they went to St. Peter's and the Vatican. The antiquity of things staggers the brain. I am in a perpetual state of feeling like a midge! There is an obelisk in the piazza at the side of the church, brought from Egypt and dating back—I dare not say how much B. C.! A flower girl, who had her baby swung in a cloth about her waist, pursued us. She stuck the flowers into our coats, followed and begged with the whole body.

After we had seen the great church, we fought our way through the post-card and mosaic venders, and crossed the piazza to the chapel containing the Sacred Steps up which our Lord is said to have walked to be tried by Pilate. It is a long flight of marble steps leading to an altar. There are two flights built on either side for the descent. The steps were brought from Jerusalem in 326 A. D. by order of the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, and they were put into place by one of the Popes in the sixth century. He granted a dispensation which takes off nine years from Purgatory for each of the twenty-eight steps. So people flock here and climb the steps on their knees, which brings them 252 years nearer Heaven for each ascent.

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As I watched a well dressed woman and a ragged peasant climbing side by side, saying their prayers, assuming attitudes and kissing the steps, my sentiments were something like those of small Bobbie's when he confided to me in a moment of daring bravado: "I'm not so anxious to get to Heaven. I'd ruther spirit around a while and see what the devil's doing and what he looks like!" *St. John Lateran*

It was on these steps that Martin Luther had his vision. Half way up he rose to his feet saying, "The Just shall live by faith, not by deeds," and walked down. And so, I suppose, his feet have been the only ones to touch them.

At four we went to La Tour's to tea. This is a fashionable tea room in the casino of the old Colonna palace. It was gay with smart Italians, the women wearing magnificent furs, which they adore, and all the hats airy with aigrettes, which we Americans can not, and do not wish to buy.

November 16th

THIS WILL not be an idle winter! Often my brain reels and my little body is aweary of the great world by night time.

Last night we went to the Colosseum. Oh, the "Colosseum by moonlight" is really a marvelous sight, because of the huge size of the ruin and the awful mystery of its countless arcades, subterranean chambers and broken tiers of seats, where thousands have witnessed such splendors and such atrocities. No picture gives a good idea of its immensity. I should like to have seen it, for an hour, in its old pomp, thronged with Romans and roofed over with purple silk. I should have left be- *The Colosseum*

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The Colosseum

fore the lions began to eat the Christians! However, Signora says this Roman pastime never took place in the Colosseum. The Christians were martyred in the Circus Maximus.

We prowled about, climbed half obliterated stairs, which the custodians warned us were too "*pericoloso*" at night, and sat watching the moon shine through the arches. Voices of other people floated up to us from shadows and dim corridors, making the effect all the more eerie.

Arrival of United States Navy in Italy

This morning I saw many "old masters" at the Vatican gallery, and in the courtyard leading to the mosaic factory, some "young messers." They were American officers and sailors, and were being photographed with Bishop Kennedy. Smiling salutations were exchanged as we passed by. I shall expect Stan soon, as our Navy has at last arrived in Italy.

A month in *Bella Italia!*
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not Home the more!

November 18th

A Sunday Tea

GREAT EXCITEMENT the last few days, a tea Sunday afternoon, two visits from a United States Naval Officer and your letters!

Sunday afternoon some friends came in for tea. I donned my amber gown, very chic with a bouquet of pink roses. The house looked lovely, white chrysanthemums in the drawing-room and red roses in the dining-room, where gleamed the fine silver service and many delectable iced cakes. Several charming people called —five men from the American Academy, young painters, sculptors and architects, and Signor and Signora G. and

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A Sunday Tea

Mr. and Mrs. C. Signor G. is an aristocratic Roman lawyer, and his wife, a lively American, both good fun. The C.s are delightful. He is a painter. While we were having tea he entertained Bettina and me with an account of his experience with the American sailors. He took a crowd of them sightseeing and they all had the time of their lives.

Stan arrived after dinner, and how we talked! Time melted! Our Navy has been royally received and entertained, and Stan has been in the thick of things, much to his disgust, for he hates dinners given by the Duke d'Abruzzi, et cetera! At last Cousin Caroline came in, fidgeted, then left the room, and shook her fist at me from the door. Lights are always out at ten, the *palazzo* locked and barred. Also her one tub *bagno* a week, prepared at nine was growing cold at eleven! So I told Stan to go.

I laughed at his departure. Vinanzia, with a stub of a flickering candle, lighted him down the black stairs and opened the heavy doors for him, as Gigi, the *portiere,* had long since retired. She was *très intéressée.*

Stan's opinions have been eagerly discussed by all the household. He thinks war imminent between Germany and England.

Yesterday afternoon Bettina and I went home with Signorina Emilia to see her much talked of (ugly) dog "Leo," and the marvelous lingerie her *madrina* orders from Perugia. Such lingerie—lace and embroidered cobwebs!

"Leo" is a lively Italian *cur* dog, the most affable animal I ever met. He spends his time on an iron balcony, watching life in the Corso.

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A Sunday Tea

The Piazza di Spagna and the steps are fringed with flowers now. From our terrace we look down into Keats' back yard. The rose-embowered terrace of the house in which he died is just below us.

November 20th

Tea at Mrs. Ladd's Studio

YESTERDAY we had tea at the studio of Mrs. Anna Coleman Ladd, the sculptress. She has been invited to place some of her fountains at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco, and she is here doing the work and having the bronze casting made. You remember she is the lady who befriended Henriette, Tommy and me in Algiers.

Her studio has an artistic approach down a dark little street at the foot of the Pincio hill. Pictures, plaster masks, heads and torsos hang on the walls, and the great room is relieved by tables, a piano, a model throne, her tea things and her work. This is poetical and expresses her beautiful ideas perfectly.

She is working on a well curb, about which dance five spirited figures four feet high, representing "Wind and the Spray." "Wind" is a glorious youth, and "Spray" four lovely maidens. It was interesting to see how the work is begun. An iron rod bent to the slant of the body and with branches for the arms is set up on a block of wood. Measurements have to be calculated very carefully, and then the clay is plastered on this frame. There were only two figures started, "Spray," a slender, exquisite girl looking back over her shoulder at "Wind."

"Jolly, isn't it?" said Mrs. Ladd. "See, here in the picture of the model, I made the hair blow across the face. But I have studied the Roman fountains and the hair is always blown backward and it gives a more exultant

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idea. But don't you love my boy?" and she smoothed the splendid back, rubbed out a clay curl and put it on his forehead. "Isn't he good fun!" He certainly is. If I were making him I'd be a Pygmaliona, or whatever the feminine is! *Tea at Mrs. Ladd's Studio*

She says all her models are young. The girl who posed for "Spray" was thirteen. Four different people were used for the feet and hands. Such ankles and wrists are not grown on the ordinary Italian peasant.

Another fountain going to California is the "Triton Babies." Her own little girls posed for the group, taking the pose themselves, and it is bewitching. A little figure about a foot high interested me very much. It was a nude woman, representing "Music," as she draws a reed bow across her heart. Mrs. Ladd said the idea came to her while she watched a cellist play, she seemed to be drawing the music from her heart strings.

As it grew dark, tall candles were lighted. There was a gaudy Egyptian figure painted on the wall and we discovered that it was a door leading to a tiny court full of shrubs and trees. Against the wall hung a plaque of "Victory binding her sandal," all green with moss, and grey and purple doves were cooing under the eaves.

Sunday, November 23d

SANTA CECILIA, I suppose, should be my patron saint. Yesterday was her day, and we went to a grand high mass celebrated in her old church, where her body lies under the sacred altar. Cardinal Rampolla officiated. At his own expense he has built a beautiful crypt and monument to the saint. The church stands on the site of the home of Santa Cecilia, who was a Roman patrician, *Saint Cecilia's Day*

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Saint Cecilia's Day

and the large atrium of the house is still intact. It is through this court that one enters the church.

There was a great crowd and a long double line of priests at the door. We stood near them so as to see this mighty Cardinal. The church was atwinkle with hundreds of lighted candles in crystal candelabra. Garlands of red and white roses decorated the transept and altar. Behind the immense painted candles in gold stands was the Cardinal's scarlet throne. Banners embroidered with his coat-of-arms covered the walls. Just above our heads were the grilles, where we could see the shadowy figures of Dominican nuns; and over all floated a blue-grey mist of incense.

When his horses clattered into the courtyard, the crowd surged forward. Everyone dropped to his knees as the Cardinal appeared in the sunny doorway, a splendid vision in his scarlet robes and ermine cloak. He sprinkled the entrance with holy water from a gold ball. He has a face of great strength, but rather hard. When he started toward the altar the organ and the papal choir burst into triumphant music. It was like some beautiful Pagan pageant, and I loved it!

We left before the service was over to see the bathroom of the old house, and the bathtub where Santa Cecilia was murdered. This place is now a chapel, but the old walls and the water pipes are still there. A young priest was kneeling on the floor, copying inscriptions. He was overjoyed to see us and a bit embarrassed in his skirts, for it was one of the boys who sang "Goodbye, girls" on the boat!

Tea at Signora's

In the afternoon we went to Signora Rebaudi's to tea. She has a beautiful home on the Janiculum at Monte-

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Oh, for Romance at Villa d'Este!

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verdi, with a view from her windows and walled garden of all Rome and the Campagna. Signora told me that the gardens of the Cæsars were here, and when excavations were made for the foundations many interesting things, marbles, vases, pottery, were dug up. Oh *Roma, Roma, Roma Beata!* *Tea at Signora's*

She met us at the door, dear and gracious as she always is, and looking lovely in a taupe gown. Her daughter, Signora B., is quite like her, only she has a beautiful mop of very blonde hair. There is a six months old baby girl, Vittoria, who was proudly exhibited late in the afternoon. The little thing was so frightened she screamed *fortissimo* in language common to babies of all nations! Her little bare arms and legs were like ice in those marble halls.

This afternoon the concert—I can hardly wait.

Sunday evening

I HAVE just put away all my finery. Maddalena thinks I am a *principessa.* When she helped me unpack, her eyes were round with wonder. She said it was marvelous the quantities of *"vestiti da ballo"* that the Signorina had! *Verdi's Centenary Celebration at the Augusteo*

This has been an experience for me to hear Verdi's great Requiem Mass on his Centenary, given in the tomb of Augustus with a chorus of 250 voices, an orchestra of a hundred pieces, a quartette composed of Russ, Guerrini, Bonci and de Angelis, the whole dominated by the baton of Mascheroni.

The psychological effect of that mass is a study. It begins very quietly, and, with wonderful fluctuations, works up to a tremendous climax just before the end.

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Verdi's Centenary Celebration at the Augusteo

When the chorus sang the "*Dies irae*," the "*Sanctus*" and the "*Libera me, Domine*," I wept, for it seemed to me that the music of the angels of Heaven was pealing through the world. All my disappointments, hopes, happinesses and longings were borne upward on a desperate wave of sound.

We all looked very grand and occupied a box near the royal one. We had to push through a mob to reach it. Such excitement! The men bound for the gallery had their cravats torn off, coats ripped and hats battered in. The Augusteo, perfectly round and simply decorated, was packed with splendid looking people. The women do not remove their hats, and nearly everyone sported an aigrette. The conductor was enthusiastically received, but the minute he raised his baton there was a profound hush. Oh, they know how to listen and to appreciate.

November 26th

Roman Street Life

IT HAS poured all day, but Bettina and I went out nevertheless. We pranced down Via Condotti and along the Corso — oh, the shops, the fascinating shops! The flower stalls on the Spanish Steps are growing more gorgeous. The streets glow with color — there are the magnificent scarlet giants of the King's guard; the officers in blue, orange and red; the *Carabinieri* and their cocked hats; the nervous, quick *Bersaglieri* wearing round hats adorned with coque feathers (I'd like to wear one myself!); hordes of brown, white, grey, shorn or bearded friars, Dominicans, Franciscans, Capuchins, et cetera; and various robed and wing-coiffed nuns of similar orders; smart people, plain people, beggars, flower girls, and artist models; last and *most* the Cath-

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olic students from all over the world, each nation with its own uniform — the Germans wear scarlet from top to toe, and the American boys, black with red and blue pipings. You should see these young priests playing ball in the Villa Borghese with their cassocks tucked up about their waists! Do you wonder that we like to mingle with all this Roman life? *Roman Street Life*

Yesterday Miss Fairbury and I drove out to Santa Agnese outside the wall. It is a long drive through a new part of the city. We passed handsome new *villini,* and there were ravishing glimpses of the country and the mountains. The American Academy, Villa Miraflori, is out there.

We had a lively *cocchiere* (coachman) who entertained us all the way out. "Me spike Eengleesh!" he said proudly, and while he was "spiking" we almost collided with trams, automobiles and other furious *cocchieri.* He had a small dog with him on the box that barked wildly at every compatriot he saw on the street. So, altogether, our excursion was exciting.

Oh, the beautiful pillars in these old churches, all of which have been "snitched" from Pagan temples! Most of the churches were built on temple sites, so that ground once consecrated to a god has always remained so.

Well, my bed opens its arms to receive sleepy me.

November 30th

How STRANGE Life is! Here am I all entangled in the lives of strangers from different parts of the world. It is complicating and interesting and surely does not happen by chance. As Pierre de Coulevain says, "It is a

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Roman Street Life

marvelous romance, the life one lives from morning to night, and from night to morning."

Bettina, Signorina Emilia and I had tea today at an English place in the Piazza di Spagna, where we feasted on muffins, scones, pumpkin and mince pie. I wish you could have seen the latter! The pumpkin goo was as black as this ink, and the mince pie was a small pâte containing a few lonely raisins. We dallied along the Corso at the fascinating hour of five, and were almost run over by the grand equipages returning from the hunt.

Think of it, the last day of November! Yesterday we at last went to Tivoli in a big Fiat limousine. It was a bright day, but crisp and cold; we were all bundles of fur. The road led away over the lonely Campagna east of Rome, straight toward the snow-crowned Sabine mountains. At last we crossed the river Anio on an old stone bridge and passed the round, tower-like tomb of the Plautii. Babies and hens sprawled and scratched about its base, and coming home one *bambino* was nearly run over. He was attracted by the huge brass horn which glittered in the sun and ran toward it, his hands outstretched. We swerved just in time. I was sitting with the chauffeur, who said in a tone of great disgust, "These *bambini* know nothing!" He did not know much himself, for he persisted in curling his *baffi*, of which he was inordinately proud, while the car slipped about in the mud bumping into wine carts.

Hadrian's Villa

A little beyond the Plautii tomb we turned off the main road down a winding, hedge-bordered lane to Villa Adriana (Hadrian's Villa). All morning we wandered over its one hundred and sixty acres of magnifi-

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Hadrian's Villa.—We Returned From the Baths Through the Olive Groves

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cent grounds and ruins, which must have been a marvel of beauty in their day, when every inch of the buildings was covered with marble, and men and women of incomparable beauty, wit and deviltry roamed the corridors and gardens and glades. *Hadrian's Villa*

One of the loveliest places to my mind was the open air banquet room on a cliff high above the valley, and shaded by a kindly outstretched branch of an ilex tree. A broad flight of stone steps led down into an ilex wood, and beyond this we ate our lunch on a sunny plateau.

When we returned from the baths through the olive groves, the pickers in their dull blue and red dresses, their baskets all about them, stopped their work and called, *"Addio!"* Why didn't they say *"a rivederci"?* This country with its ruins and glamour of history has crept right into my modern heart, and I do not want to say *"addio"* to a thing or a person that belongs to it!

As we were leaving I looked back on Villa Adriana, and I saw it, not as a grey pile of fallen splendor over which hoary cypresses stand guard, but I saw it with all its fountains playing, all its gardens abloom, with every perfect marble column and every divine work of art in place. I wished that I had lived in Hadrian's time, but changed my mind when I saw Villa d'Este!

The road to Tivoli wound up the mountain through olive groves. The town is larger than Frascati, cleaner than Genzano and perched, as they all are, high above the plain. We stopped in a little piazza and made our way through the usual number of post-card venders and beggars to the entrance of Villa d'Este. I gave some coppers to an old, old woman who looked like a Howard Pyle witch; her beak nose and chin actually met. It is *Tivoli and Villa d'Este*

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Tivoli and Villa d'Este

the old who need the pennies. One boy shuffled along whining monotonously, "*Povero stupido, povero stupido!*" (Poor stupid one). He was not so stupid but he could use his infirmity as a means of making money.

In the d'Este palace we passed through many corridors and at last out upon a terrace, where I looked, instead of *up, down* into Paradise. Terrace below terrace of fountains, cypress trees, the tallest and largest in Italy, box alleys, statues gleaming in sunny glades, statues gathering moss in dusky dells, long stone-rimmed pools, an ilex plaisance, a stone parapet beyond which sloped the coppery vineyards of Tivoli, the musical roar of all the fountains, and the whisper of the pines — this is d'Este! Peasant women are washing rags at the fountain rims, where cavaliers and Beatrice d'Este made love, artists are sketching in nooks, where many an intrigue took place, and I am raving over sights the sixteenth century ladies found as common as I find the old telephone poles at home.

This descriptive style is similar to "Fauntleroy's," so called because of her Reginald Birch round eyes and lace collars. She writes conscientiously in her dairy, and tries to remember every detail. Just before we left she joined me as I leaned against the balustrade of the long terrace overlooking the valley. She spoke crisply, pointing with her little gloved finger — "Grey town on hill; red, yellow vineyards making carpet; stone wall at bottom of hill; olive groves; white road; smoke rising from brush fires; valley misty; sun going down —" and that is what I saw, nicely tabulated, while my lips smiled at little "Fauntleroy" and my heart ached with the pain great beauty always brings.

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Tivoli and Villa d'Este

Oh, for Romance at d'Este that I might "down on my knees" and all the rest of it!

At the pools, where the autumn sun pierced the ilex branches with shining points of light, we met the Carlandis. Signor Carlandi, an eminent water-colorist, was sketching under a striped umbrella. How wonderful to catch the fleeting loveliness of d'Este's various moods and to transfer them forever to canvas! One of his pupils, a talented Irish girl who is Marconi's sister-in-law, was also sketching delightfully, and Signora Carlandi, her beautiful white hair tinged with the blue reflections of the pool, sat nearby, a gracious critic.

After a pleasant talk with them, we wandered on through the alleys and climbed the great circular staircase ringed with immense cypresses and sprayed by a fountain. Suddenly a strange sight confronted us. At the top of the stairs, leaning against the balustrade, appeared a desperate maiden in a slim pink dress over which fell a lengthy mane of yellow hair. In her hand she held a dagger, which she frequently applied to her throat in an alarming abandon, at the same time flopping about like a vampire on the screen, and uttering hoarse cries.

From the sublime to the ridiculous!

For hours I had been treading paths of medieval times, reveling in beauty and romance, only to be suddenly jolted into the twentieth century by a company of cheap movie actors preparing a thriller!

We drove through the crooked streets of Tivoli to see the temples and the cascades. It was dangerous in an automobile because the streets are so narrow, so winding, and so packed with people and carts. The temples

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Tivoli and Villa d'Este

top a gorge veiled with waterfalls, and farther around the mountain side the cascades leap and plunge.

We had tea at the Temple of Vesta, overlooking the seething gorge. A solicitous waiter in rusty black did the honors, and in some mysterious way supplied us with steaming cups and little cakes whisked from the gloom of the temple. It pleased me to think that Vesta brewed my tea, and I sipped it thoughtfully, listening to the roar of the cataracts, and looking far, far off across the plain, where in the splendor of the sunset floated the dim dome of St. Peter's.

As we came down from Tivoli there was a strange afterglow which blazed across the Campagna, up the mountain and through the grey olive avenues, making scarlet halos around every peasant and every donkey cart on the road, and transfiguring even such prosaic things and beings as automobiles and Americans. I felt that it was a divine benediction on a perfect day.

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CHAPTER IV.
ROMAN HOLIDAYS.

Rome,
December 5, 1913

IT is *sirocco* today, that horrid desert wind which makes every one feel grumpy. However, in spite of the weather I had an interesting morning at the National Museum in the Baths of Diocletian. I shall go there many times for I love the sculpture, and these galleries are packed with some of the greatest marbles in the world. Oh, what a splendid man is "Mars in Repose," and how eternally young, for he came into being in the fourth century; and how wonderful if this curly headed warrior would remain in repose forever! He looks like a man dreaming of love, not hate. *National Museum*

Some of the broken fragments and bas-reliefs are more beautiful than the complete figures. I saw some exquisite stucco that had been removed from a house dating from Augustus' time. It was excavated near the Tiber and is said to have been inundated many thousand times.

A sarcophagus, which had a fine bas-relief of a combat between the Romans and the Barbarians, interested us extremely. The Romans were represented beautiful as gods and the Barbarians were hideous. As we stood before it, pointing out the various faces and expressions, and laughing hilariously, an old custodian came up to us and put his finger on one of the ugliest figures.

"Do you know who these uglies are?" he asked in Italian.

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National Museum

"They are Barbarians," we answered.

"*Ma che!* Who are they? Come now, tell me."

"If they are not Barbarians we do not know."

Then, with a sneer on his lips and a twinkle in his eyes he said in a hissing whisper, "*Tedeschi!*" (Germans). I say it *bassa voce* because there are many here today!"

First "At Home"

We had many interesting guests for our first "at home" this afternoon. I wore my blue brocade, which made a hit, and poured. Vinanzia fills the pot, keeps up the supply of *spirito*, and all I had to do was to make the tea. Our Italian friends are delightful. Why is it that these people struggling with English are charming, but Americans making blunders in French or Italian are only gauche? The Academy men were out in full force. They brought an interesting new recruit, a sculptor. He was unshaven, wore tan shoes and an abominable red plaid tie, but he will bloom in Rome, and he is a child of genius. We shall receive, now, every week.

December 8th

AT THE concert yesterday Madame introduced us to Sgambati. He is a dear old man, and attends the concerts every Sunday. Blanche, that adorable fourteen-year-old of the vivid, curl-framed face, was with her mother. They dined with us and conversation scintillated. After dinner Madame had her lap and arms full of girls.

It is cold now and I am glad to have Mr. Fox snuggle about my shoulders; which makes me think of the Zoo in Villa Borghese. It is arranged in a novel way. There are no cages, but the beasts of all kinds are mysteri-

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ously confined at the foot of rocks and cliffs, and it makes one shiver to see the tigers pacing over the rocks, switching their tails and glaring hungrily, while, apparently, there is nothing to prevent them from leaping into the path. *First "At Home"*

We have been to a birthday tea at Hotel Boston, a place swarming with Americans because the floors are well carpeted and there is steam heat. Our friends have apartments looking out upon Villa Medici. Never have I seen a more brilliant sunset, such vivid green, purple, yellow and pink, the sky-line of Rome black against it and the stars peeping over the tall ilexes in the Medici *bosco*. I know my letters flame with sunsets, but it is a nightly pageant in Rome that we never miss and that never disappoints us.

Bettina and I thought it ridiculous for such savantes as we to be eager to devour cakes, but we ate and ate!

Signorina Emilia has passed her examinations and leaves us to teach little *ragazzi* at Firentino, and Signorina Pia La Fauci is coming to talk with us. Wit does not flash in Italian as it does in French, but the language is so beautiful. The tritest sayings have a sonorous rhythm. If one says, "The meat is underdone," or "The dog wags his tail," it is as beautiful in sound as "*Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*," and all the rest of Dante.

December 11th

AT LAST we have been to the Palatine. It was a brilliant, cold morning with frost on the ground, and it "made" decidedly chilly in the dungeons of the Cæsars. The ruins are my joy and my despair. My joy because they appeal to me esthetically, my despair because I can never *The Palatine*

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The Palatine understand them, and they give me a strange, small, inconsequential feeling. Excavations are being made constantly under the direction of Professor Boni, who is a genius.

We roamed about all morning, and then descended the hill overlooking the Circus Maximus and the Aventine beyond. It was a grassy path, bordered by acanthus and laurel, bits of marble and broken statues, cypresses overhead and the blue Italian sky over all.

Tonight the papers are full of the finding of Mona Lisa. Can it be true?

December 14th

The Concerts ANOTHER CONCERT day, Wagnerian. We met Signora at the Augusteo; she is so jolly and *simpatica*. That is a rare word. There is nothing that expresses so well one's feeling for a thing or person as *simpatica* or *antipatica*. The two words are the greatest compliment or "slam" one can use.

There was a large audience at the Augusteo, and I was interested to see how the Italians receive Wagner. They like the music immensely and after the "Pilgrim's Chorus" the house roared with applause and cries of "*Bis!*" (Twice). Although it is against the rule to repeat, they would not let the conductor continue with the programme, but hissed so furiously he had to stop and do as they wished. How naive to express one's feelings as one feels! I love the Italians because they are absolutely unselfconscious and spontaneous. If they like a thing, they show it. If they dislike it, they hiss. Then those who like it hiss those who are hissing because they dislike it. Someone becomes disgusted and leaves, and everyone stops hissing each other and hisses at him.

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The Concerts

Someone else chokes on a hiss and coughs, which diverts the hisses to him. The conductor raises his baton for silence, and half the house hisses the other half because *they* are hissing, and vice versa, and you wonder how it will end, when the violins begin to throb and silence falls like a balm on the hissers and hissees!

The Catacombs

Yesterday, a bright, cold day, we drove out on the Appian Way to the Catacombs. We passed the mighty Colosseum and the Arch of Constantine, then the Palatine and the Baths of Caracalla. Beyond this was the country, and the road, narrowing, led between high, mellow walls. We stopped at Scipio's tomb, "whose holy dust was scattered long ago." It seemed to be in the basement of a farm house in a truck garden. A rose vine clambered over the entrance and two pepper trees framed the dark portal. A half grown, slovenly girl acted as guide through the subterranean passages, and we had difficulty in understanding her "spiel," which she had learned by heart.

Our young guide took us across the fields, growing dogs under every bush, to a Columbarium, built by Livia for her Freedmen. The inscriptions over the niches for the ashes were touching. When such a one as this is seen — "To our sweetest little son, Julius, who only lived three years," it makes that time, hundreds of years ago, seem very human.

Then we drove on out Via Appia under the great Porta San Sebastiano to a queer little church called Chiesa Quo Vadis, which marks the place where Christ met Peter on the Appian Way, and Peter asked, *"Domine, quo vadis?"* (Whither goest thou?) Christ replied, "To be crucified," rebuking Peter because he was leaving the city.

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The Catacombs

And the marks of his footprints were left in the pavement, over which the church was built. A young man was prostrate on the stones, kissing the footprints.

Just beyond we entered the grounds of a Trappist order and a friar in brown robe and sandals took us in charge to guide us through the great Catacombs of Callistus, which, sixty and seventy feet down in the earth, extend over many acres, and where a million Christians were once buried. We each had a taper and the friar a long bamboo pole covered with a twisted coil of wax. We lighted our paraphernalia and descended into the corridors, galleries and chambers — a labyrinth, some wide and high, others so narrow and low we could hardly pass, which the Christians had hollowed out that they might bury their dead, and have a place of refuge in time of persecution. The marks of the pickaxes were as fresh and shining as though they had just been made.

"Those marks," said our dear old friar, holding his light so that it flickered over the scratches on the walls, and over our modern faces, "those marks are sixteen hundred years old!" It impressed me more than anything else, and also the fact that fools wrote their names in public places hundreds of years ago, for in one chapel, scrawled in large letters high on the wall was this signature: "Snook, 1642."

Fie, fi, foh, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman!

While we were underground, Bettina remained on earth, and played with some cats who had not taken the perpetual silence vows, for they were extremely sociable. Bettina heard a French gentleman say that the Gioconda had been found, but he, she, the monks and the cats did not believe it. However, it is true. Thirty thousand people

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went to see Mona Lisa yesterday in Florence, and she is soon to be in Rome. La Gioconda has returned to her native land for the first time in her history, and is making a pilgrimage. *The Catacombs*

In the afternoon we went to the cinema to see "Amletto." 'Twas nothing to eat, just old, young Hamlet, the Dane, with Forbes-Robertson silently uttering, "To be or not be" in Italian—"*Essere o non essere, quella è la quistione!*" So much money has gone for Christmas we felt poor, therefore we agreed to make it a very economical excursion, and Bettina was sure we could keep it under 1.50 (thirty cents). We went down the Spanish Steps to take a tram, but as there was none in sight we hopped into a cab, which removed eight cents apiece from our sum total. Of course we had to have tea, so we stopped at La Tour's in Via Nazionale and, although we intended to deny ourselves the pleasure and luxury of cakes, we threw economy to the winds and ate scores. They are spread out on the counters, you eat as many as you want, and then tell the cashier the number you have consumed and pay for them! We were so greedy when once we had started that we even indulged in marrons glaces—luscious, fresh ones just brought in on a tray. Luckily we left their vicinity after eating them, for a clamorous hue and cry was set up. Those marrons were a special order for some grand function which a clerk had momentarily put upon the counter before wrapping up. We made a hasty exit. *The Cinema*

At the cinema we bought second-class seats at forty *centesimi*, but found we had to wait, and so exchanged them for *primo* at seventy. To crown our extravagance we recklessly took a carriage home, thus our economical

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The Cinema jaunt must have cost over two lire each, at least. Well, as John said when his mother refused to let him go out and play, "What is life without pleasures, anyhow!"

December 15th

Villa Aurelia I HAVE been to tea today at Villa Aurelia, where Garibaldi lived during the siege of Rome. Mr. Carter, the director of the American Academy, and his wife live there, and the Academy is soon to move from Villa Miraflori to the beautiful new buildings now being erected on the Janiculum. I wonder if people at home understand how important our Academy is. The members come on scholarship for three years, sculptors, painters and architects, having passed with the highest honors a very severe examination. The school is endowed by such men as Pierpont Morgan, and this wonderful Janiculum property was willed to the Academy by a wealthy American woman. All countries have these schools; the French occupy beautiful Villa Medici, which we pass every morning on the Pincio, when we take our walk.

It is a long drive across the city and up the hill, as Villa Aurelia is at the very top, rising from a formal garden overlooking all Rome. It is like a place in a romantic Italian story. We were received by liveried footmen at the door, and ascended a winding marble stair to the rooms on the *ultimo piano*. The great windows of the gold and écru drawing-room framed pictures of the city tinged with the light of the red sunset, and from the terrace we looked down upon flowers and fountains.

Mrs. Carter, a charming little lady dressed in white, received us cordially and presented us to several agree-

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able people among them Signora Sgambati, who is interesting and handsome. And in the magnificent state dining-room hung with dull blue damask against the dark carved wood work, I had a gay time with two very skittish archaeologists. Fancy! My whiskered, spectacled idea of such beings is utterly changed! *Villa Aurelia*

I'd like to go every Monday to enchanting old Villa Aurelia, or better still, I'd like to stay there forever.

Skipping agilely to another subject, we had *zabaglione* for dinner. It is delicious, made with eggs and Marsala wine, something like a custardy egg-nog, only a thousand times better. Enrico is a famous cook. He arrives every morning about nine, looking like a duke in a handsome overcoat, smart hat, gloves, and carrying a silver-headed cane! He removes all this finery for spotless white and forthwith begins to rule his domain like a despot. He is assisted by the kitchen boy, Fernando, who does the dirty work for him. We flock to the kitchen to tell Enrico what we want and what we like. Bravo Enrico!

Well, *a rivederci*—

Se il mare fosse inchiostro,
E il cielo un foglio,
Non basterebbe per dirti
Tutto il ben che ti voglio.

(If the sea were ink,
And the sky a page,
It would not be enough
To tell thee all the love I wish thee.)

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December 20th

Tre Fontane

OUR LOVELY neighbor loaned us her Fiat and chauffeur today, and we drove out to Tre Fontane and San Paolo without the walls. It is a pretty ride through the city, along the Tiber and out into the rolling country. The Trappist monks have a convent in an eucalyptus wood at Tre Fontane (Three Fountains), where Paul was beheaded on a Roman mile-stone. We were shown the stone, and the three fountains which gushed from the spots the head of St. Paul touched as it rolled from the block and bounced three times. A gentle monk wearing a white wool robe, explained it all, showed us about the churches and gardens and, at a little shop near the gate, poured out some delicious liqueur made from the eucalyptus. It was a forlorn day, a drizzling rain, and a crowd of people, old and young, as forlorn and wet as the day, were being fed by the monks. They sat on stone seats at the gate, while the friars gave them pots of thick soup and pieces of coarse bread.

On the way back we stopped at St. Paul's. It is magnificent, and I like it better than St. Peter's. But it also has its eccentricity. Above the superb marble arches and around the entire church runs a portrait frieze in mosaics of the Popes. One of them has diamond eyes, which gleam cat-like when the light strikes them.

Death of Cardinal Rampolla

Cardinal Rampolla died the other day, and his body has been lying in state at his palace. Thursday, on our way to the Vatican Museum we stopped there. The house was a gloomy, shabby place, not at all my idea of a cardinal's palace. The body lay in the small throne room, surrounded by candles, and guarded by kneeling German Jesuits in their flaming scarlet. It was such a short

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time ago that we saw this cardinal in all the pomp of his office. People of every description were slowly shuffling up and down the stairs. *Death of Cardinal Rampolla*

There has been great excitement down at the station, photographers, journalists, ordinary populace, everyone waiting, expectancy in the air.

"Is the King arriving today in Rome?" asked one man of another.

"No, but Sua Maestá, Mona Lisa del Gioconda, is expected on the next train."

This was the beginning of an article I read in an Italian paper tonight.

Christmas almost here! I came on a journey to find myself. Do you know, I think I'll find my "Blue Bird" right at home.

Christmas Eve, 1913

CHRISTMAS EVE in Rome, and such excitement! Cousin Caroline and Miss Fairbury are in the *biblioteca* decorating the tree, and are perfectly furious because Bettina and I *will* peek; the girls are decorating the dining-room, and I am writing in what we call the "nursery." We have had much fun and hilarity and are now waiting to go to midnight mass at San Luigi de' Francesi. *Christmas in Rome*

Rome was glorious this afternoon. Everyone was out, either on foot or in handsome carriages or automobiles — happy voices, pretty faces, beautiful furs and flowers, gaiety and animation, but none of the wild rush there is at home. Miss Fairbury, Bettina and I ran around doing last things. We had coffee at Aragno's on the Corso, and talked and laughed ourselves hoarse. The Scale di Spagna are a solid bank of brilliant flowers, which flame from afar, and behind them rise the golden brown stairs

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Christmas in Rome

and Trinità de' Monti at the top reflecting the sunset. Seen from Via Condotti, it is no wonder that one skips and hops, and loves Rome more and more.

Yesterday afternoon we went to a delightful tea at the studio of Signor and Signora Carlandi. He is one of the finest water-color painters in Italy, and some of his things are going to the San Francisco Exposition.

I hear Vinanzia calling me. She has brought in hot chocolate and toast. I must go down and join the fun. Hum! How good and Christmasy our Roman house smells! I wonder what you are doing tonight, or rather what you will do, for it is not yet night in my California.

Christmas night.

I HAVE had a splendid Christmas. Last night we started at half past ten for San Luigi de' Francesi. I felt like singing "Oh Holy Night" as we walked through the deserted streets, following many a dark and crooked alley down near the Pantheon. There was an immense crowd at the church, and, as we had tickets for entrance we moved through the doors on the surge of the crowd. The nave and aisles were filled with chairs, and we secured good seats at the rear of the nave, so we could see the altar aglitter with candles and hung with scarlet and ermine.

The place was packed. There were Italians all about us, and we amused ourselves before the service by watching these people. Never will I forget the ancient mariner eyes of one young man. Always when I turned there was his "glittering eye" glittering away in the shadow of a pillar.

At midnight all the lights in the crystal candelabra

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At Last We Have Been to the Palatine

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Christmas in Rome

flashed on and the organ pealed forth the prelude as the bells boomed twelve. Then a tenor began Adams' *"Noel"* —*"Minuit, Chretiens!"* and straightway we were in the pages of "Trilby," for du Maurier described just such a moment. The voice soared through the old church among the great marble piers up to the dim frescoes high in the ceiling, while priests in gorgeous robes knelt at the altar, and all the people dropped to their knees.

Breakfast was at nine, and when Miss Fairbury and I arrived we were met at the door by all the family with loud Merry Christmases and *Buon Natales,* and many hugs and kisses. The entire morning was a grand jollification. After our coffee and *panettone* (sort of a coffee cake) we all trooped into the library, and then—such pandemonium! Everyone opening her presents, and rushing about to see all the others. The room looked beautiful in its Christmas greens, and the sparkling tree was loaded, besides all the Roman striped silk stockings Cousin Caroline had stuffed. Vinanzia, Fulvia, Enrico and the *ragazzo* came in to see the fun. They had been remembered, also Gigi, the *portiere,* Pietro, the postman, Francesco, the one-legged beggar, and the old match woman on Via Sistina, who looks like a bundle of rags on the doorstep, as she sleeps away her days there.

It was raining so violently we were unable to go to the morning service at Santa Maria Maggiore, as we had planned. In the afternoon several friends called, among them Signorina Emilia, whom we were glad to see again. She does not like her school and the naughty little *ragazzi.* After everyone had tea the tree was lighted and the room, flower-decked, glowed with happy faces.

The desert for our Christmas dinner was a burning

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Christmas in Rome

plum pudding. Vinanzia was afraid of it and carried it around at arms' length.

December 27th

La Gioconda Visits the Eternal City

A WONDERFUL morning! The weather was glorious, but very cold. We started out at nine for the Villa Borghese to see the Gioconda. In the Villa the sun slanted through the green glades, and all the dewy grass and the old fountains flashed in the light. The road swarmed with people, a great many school children, who had seen or were going to see the painting. Voices echoed down the ilex alleys and through the pine woodlands, and there were cries of "*Viva la Gioconda! Bravo Mona Lisa!*"

When we reached the Casino we found a crowd packed on the steps, waiting for the doors to open, and on the terrace, a riot of University boys cheering Gioconda, making impassioned speeches, gesticulating wildly, and carrying on like a lot of madcaps. Think of these people, young and old, men and women, boys and girls, all frantic to see the portrait of a sixteenth century lady, who would have been dumfounded could she have looked forward into the centuries to this morning! It was like seeing a great queen.

When the doors opened there was a terrible crush, and as we had to go through a turnstile one by one, you can imagine the turmoil. The crowd was admitted into the room by sections, and when I was at last pushed through the door I caught a glimpse of the marvelous blues and greens and browns from which emerges the woman's face. The longer I looked the more I was fascinated, for from every angle the expression changes. She seemed to me a charmingly plain woman to whom

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had come a great thought, and the ineffable smile played on her lips as she was about to speak of it.

La Gioconda Visits the Eternal City

Leonardo painted the portrait whilst "Messer Francesco," the husband, was away, counting gold with the King of Aragon. He surrounded the lady with all the tender flowers and music of a Florentine May. Then, to quote the poem, as he bent over her, "*toccando con la barba i suoi capelli,*" touching her hair with his beard, he said:

"The most beautiful flowers die, but thou, O Madonna, so fair, so pure, thou shalt not die. Behold, I touch my canvas and thy brief, fleeting hour is consigned there, eternally smiling, to life immortal. *Sorridete!* O Mona Lisa!"

And there on the canvas was caught forever an expression which no one but Leonardo da Vinci had ever seen on the lady's face. When Messer Francesco returned to the city of the flowers and gazed upon his wife's portrait he "made with his head a discontented sign," says the poem — "and the picture remained with the painter." So Leonardo sold the picture to Francis I. of France, and it has returned to Italy now for the first time.

Perhaps, after all, Mona Lisa was only amused at the tickle of the old man's beard!

After we had seen the picture we drove across the city to the Vatican to see the Sistine chapel. It was a free day and crowds were flocking here also. The Vatican grows more wonderful every time I go, and the Sistine chapel is indeed awe-inspiring, such a stupendous work of art, it fairly staggers the brain. Michelangelo's conception and use of the ceiling space is as remarkable

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La Gioconda Visits the Eternal City

as the execution. He was commanded by the Pope to do this work and, it is said, that for days he lay on his back on the scaffolding, holding his Bible and staring at the empty space he had to fill. The superb figures of the Sibyls and Prophets appealed to me most. Their bodies are Godlike and the man who made them is my artistic god.

The chapel was crowded with all kinds of people, even *contadini* and ragged little boys with half a shoe on each foot; there were all nationalities and, of course, the inevitable German tourist in an Alpine hat. Everyone was bending and twisting and breaking his neck to see the sublime art placed so high over our heads that, perhaps, it is just as well we have to make an effort to see it. The sun came shining in, in long rays, through the high narrow windows, and lighted up the great colorings and the gaping humanity staring up at them.

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CHAPTER V.
ROME AND A NEW YEAR.

Rome,
January 1, 1914

A NEW year! It always thrills me with its unknown possibilities. We girls celebrated with a spread, and then, when Rome commenced to behave like any other city as the bells rang out the hour, we threw our olive bottles down into the piazza below. *Bisogna vivere a Roma coi costumi di Roma,* and it is a Roman custom to make the city bristle with broken glass on New Year's.

We have been quite gay, dinners, dances, teas and theatre. Sunday we went to the Excelsior, one of the fashionable hotels, to tea. It was very smart — many beautiful gowns; gallant gentlemen kissing the hands of lovely ladies, who were smoking gold-tipped cigarettes; officers in their gorgeous uniforms of bright blue and red, with swords, shining boots and silver spurs; waiters, looking like princes darting hither and thither; and everyone staring about at everyone else; while the music throbbed through the perfumed air and many couples swayed together in the tango.

January 5th

A Prowl in Old Rome

YESTERDAY was the coldest day we have had, bright but bitter. There was solid ice in the flower pots on the Spanish Steps, and the Sabines were white with snow. We went for a walk in old Rome, passing Hilda's Tower

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A Prowl in Old Rome

mentioned in "The Marble Faun," stopping at the Senate House, and then over to Piazza Navona to see the toy booths always erected before Epiphany.

The great Piazza, once the Circus of Domitian, with its fountains and yellow old houses, was encircled by rickety booths and was thronged with scrubby humanity. The Italians do not celebrate their Christmas with gifts, but the children receive their toys on Epiphany, and they are brought, not by Santa Claus, but by *La Biffana,* an old woman with whom the Holy Family is said to have taken shelter on the flight into Egypt. There were scores of children in the Piazza, looking longingly at the toys in the booths. We bought toys for Enrico's children, and Cousin Caroline treated us to some villainous looking red taffy which a man was making before the eyes of a dirty, admiring throng. "Fauntleroy" was too squeamish to eat hers, but passed it on to a delighted *bambino.* We saw in this an ethical situation which troubled "Fauntleroy" for some time.

"How," said we, "can you give the candy to a child if you yourself are afraid to eat it?"

There are several churches in this quarter and you may be sure we saw them all, (read churches, churches, churches between the lines, for they are countless) Santa Maria sopra Minerva, where Fra Angelico is buried, and Santa Maria della Pace, where an old woman, whose hips were like shelves and who carried in her shriveled hands a brazier full of burning charcoal, piloted us through the doors, thus earning some pennies.

"Youth does not need a thing of this kind," she said as she saw us looking at the brazier.

We visited Palazzo Farnese, huge and bare on the

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outside, and beautiful within, like all Roman palaces, and at Palazzo Spada, now used for the Council of State, I saw and laid my hand upon Pompey's statue, "which all the while ran blood." The guards like to point out brown splotches on the marble and say it is the blood of Cæsar. *A Prowl in Old Rome*

Then following many dark and winding streets, among them the Vicolo dei Canestrari (Little Street of the Basket-makers), where reed chairs and baskets dangle in the small doorways, we came out upon the Campo dei Fiori, ablaze with flowers and vegetables grouped around the fountain and the bronze statue of Giordano Bruno. All the housewives of the neighborhood were bending over the stalls, volubly picking out their supplies.

January 8th

TUESDAY WAS Epiphany, and with several hundred *popolo Romano* we went to the Church of the Aracœli to see the Miraculous Bambino taken back to his little house. It is a long walk down to the old church on the Capitoline hill, and we stood for two hours in a motley, smelly throng. The Bambino, a round-faced wooden figure about three feet high, and covered with splendid jewels, began his career in the twelfth century. He has miraculous powers for those who pray to him, and used to ride about the city in his own carriage to visit and cure the sick. But he was once robbed, and since that time he remains quietly in his little house, coming out just once a year during the Christmas season, when he can be seen in the Presepio, and all the children come and say their pieces to him. We had already been to see and hear this. *Epiphany at the Church of the Aracœli*

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Epiphany at the Church of the Aracœli

I stood at the railing among a group of kneeling men and women and little children, and looked at the Presepio. It is a representation of the caves of Bethlehem with figures of Mary, Joseph, the shepherds and the Magi. The Bambino leaned against the Virgin's knee. Above their heads floated a mass of paper clouds and angels. The scene was well lighted and looked very vision-like in the great, dim church, which was built in the eighth century.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a thrilling voice, *"O mio Signor!"* On the opposite side of the church was a little platform near an ancient column that once graced a pagan temple. On it stood a twelve year old girl, her face a pale oval, and her voice — what would not an actress give for such a voice, so throbbing, so bell-clear, so impassioned! I listened to her spellbound, and as she had the true "star" spirit, insisting on the center of the stage frequently, although she had to push others aside to get it, I heard this small Duse perform several times for the Bambino, much to my joy. All the children are born actors, and I had a vision of our "pieces" at home on Christmas Eve, mere amateur stunts in comparison with the finished art of these children of the Roman people! A large crowd gathered to listen, friars, old peasant women, students, monks, winged-capped Sisters of Mercy, priests, *Carabinieri*, children and *forestieri* (foreigners). If I were a painter I would paint that charming scene.

On Epiphany the Bambino is escorted back to his house with a great ceremony, which is attended by hundreds of peasants and people of the lower classes and many tourists who come to look on. Babies were very

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much in evidence, lively, roguish and dirty, their little bodies padded with countless garments, and each one carrying a toy, for *Biffana* had come the night before. At the altar mass was in progress, and at the other end of the church the children were screaming their "pieces" to the Bambino. At last the procession was formed. An acolyte in white, carrying a large blue banner led the long line of white-robed priests and brown Franciscans, each holding a candle. At the end came the officiating dignitary. As he passed the Presepio he took the Bambino and held it aloft, while the procession marched around the church. He was surrounded by acolytes and incense bearers, and a small detachment of *Carabinieri* to protect the Bambino's wonderful jewels. The little figure looked quite worried, as if he were afraid his crown would fall off! I stood among several peasant women, each with a baby, the light of the candles playing over their eager faces. *Epiphany at the Church of the Aracœli*

We followed along in the rear of the procession so as to leave before the crush began, but others, unfortunately had the same idea, and we were almost squeezed flat. Outside, the great flight of steps and the piazza below were black with people. They had congregated to see the procession pass from one door to the other.

The New Year is now well begun, and I shall pray the Bambino to give me my heart's desire.

January 10th

THURSDAY afternoon our tea was a brilliant affair. We had a mob, and such interesting people—all the Academy men, our English, French and Italian friends. *The Improvisatrice*

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The Improvisatrice

Among the latter was Signor Noci, the great painter. He is at work on a portrait of the actress, Lida Borelli, which is to be sent to the Exposition. Mrs. X. brought a thriller with her, a Count Somethingsky, (we had an awful time with his name), a Montenegrin, who is in the Embassy and is a relative of Queen Elena's. He was tall and thin, with a grave face and earnest grey eyes, and as he was afraid to try his English, we talked French. Evidently we American girls were curiosities to him.

He told me all about the awful wars he had been in. During the siege of Adrianople he was wounded as he climbed a wall. He said he had always been an atheist, but, "On the field of battle, amidst the roar and clash of steel, and the cries of the dying, one calls upon God!"

There is à young girl here in Rome, who is making a sensation. At six o'clock she arrived, and we all went into the drawing-room to hear her perform. She is an improvisatrice, and improvises on the spur of the moment, on any subject, any meter, any poetical form, any rhyme and rhythm that is given her. I assure you she is a wonder. She is nineteen years old and quite pretty with a mop of dark hair and great burning black eyes, and she wore a simple dress of white crepe de chine.

Signora Rebaudi gave her the first subject, "*Giovinezza e Bellezza*" (Youth and Beauty), to be in the form of a sonnet. There was a moment of silence, then she began as though she were reciting a memorized poem, her voice throbbing with all the tenderness, passion, fire and beauty she was describing, and there was not the least hesitation for a word. She thrilled me. Signor Carlandi kept up a stream of bravos.

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The Improvisatrice

I gave her the next subject with the last rhyming word of each line, and what do you think it was — "California!" I wish I might have taken down what she said, but she spoke so rapidly, it was impossible. It ended with, "*Oh mio paese!*" and you may be sure I called bravo.

All sorts of different subjects and forms were given her, and then she took the color of the gowns and our names, making charming little verses about them, and doing it in such a pretty way. She seemed inspired, and surely has the soul of a true poetic genius. Her father was a poor teacher and the only education she has is what she acquired herself from reading. She told me the mental effort does not tire her in the least. We shall probably read about her in the magazines some day.

I must stop writing and throw down some pennies to the blind musicians. One plays a violin, one a cello and one a flute, while a ragged, smiling man pilots them about and wheedles the passers-by and the windows with his outstretched cap and his doleful cry of "*Poveri ciechi!*" (Poor blind ones). He has seen my face at the window, so they are striking up a wobbly "Star Spangled Banner." Here go their pennies!

January 16th

Sir Moses Ezekiel's Studio

You could never guess what I have been doing today, for I have been to tea with a famous sculptor in the tower of Belisarius in the Aurelian wall of ancient Rome. A week ago at the C.'s musicale, Sir Moses Ezekiel, the sculptor, invited us to visit his studio and to take tea with him, and fixed today as the time. It was a wet, grey afternoon, and we made quite a procession in our

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Sir Moses Ezekiel's Studio

hooded cabs as we drove down the Pincian hill, across the Piazza del Popolo, which is imposing even in the rain, and out through the Porta to his studio.

A tall iron gate in the wall opened upon a little garden, where a small fountain played, and the glorious, headless, armless "Youth of Subiaco" covered his chilly marble shoulders with a coat of moss. In two wicker cotes on the wall some doves preened their soft feathers and cooed a duet with the pattering rain.

The great little man met us at the door of the studio. He wore a brown velvet cap over his thick, white hair and a white serge smock, falling to the knees and belted loosely at the waist. He has a fine face, dominated by magnificent dark eyes. We were his only guests, besides two young Italians, Signor and Signorina di B.

Mr. Ezekiel is at work just now on a life-size statue of Senator Daniels, which is to be cast in bronze and set up at Lynchburg, Virginia. A great bronze bell, commemorating our Independence, is going to the University of West Virginia, and his memorial to the South is to be erected in the field of the dead at Arlington.

After we had looked at a cast of his "Napoleon at St. Helena," he said, throwing back a covering from a long, mummy-like figure, "Now I will show you my Christ."

It was the "Dead Christ;" the original lies over the graves of the unknown dead in the chapel at Paris erected in memory of those burned to death in that horrible Charity Bazaar so long ago. Really, it was so unexpected, there was a hushed solemnity in our little party as we stood in the darkling studio and looked down at the swathed figure of a tall, splendid man, lying in perfect repose. The face seemed inspired. The

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Sir Moses Ezekiel's Studio

head, half hidden by a turban-like scarf, was slightly turned, and the hair, looking moist and thick fell back from the face. It was the face of a Man who had suffered for all the world. It inspired one with awe rather than pity. There was a positive radiance about the closed eyes, only the full, Oriental lips showed the sufferer. Mr. Ezekiel said that Christ came to him three times in a dream. I asked how he saw him, and he replied, "Alive!" Then one quiet summer morning he began to work very early and continued furiously all day, not once stopping until dark, and when he did stop he had made the head of this Christ.

Among many other interesting things to see was a small clay model of the figure of Edgar Allen Poe, to be erected at Baltimore. The man sat on the throne of fame, the head upturned and expectant as if he were listening to mysterious voices. One of the bas-reliefs on the side of the throne was completed — Genius, crowned at last by Fame, walking over thorns, a peculiarly pat idea in Poe's case.

The rain dripped away outside and we poked about the great, bare studio, prying into all the nooks and corners until it was too dark to see. Then Mr. Ezekiel took off his cap and smock saying, "Come, it is time to go to the tower."

Tea in the Tower of Belisarius

He lived and had his studio in the Baths of Diocletian until two years ago, when he was obliged to move; and who but a man of imagination would have chosen the place he did — the old guard tower of Belisarius in the Aurelian wall, near the Porta Pinciana! We drove up to a tiny door in the face of the ancient wall, and all scuttled to shelter. A small flight of steps led up to a

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Tea in the Tower of Belisarius

narrow passage like a cloister. One of its walls was nicked by the catapults of the Goths, and the other, opening with great arches upon the street, was modernized by little cedar trees and marble seats and a wee fountain that fell out of the stone piers. The floor of the passage rose gradually to a door at the farther end, leading into the tower, which was a guard room in the time of Belisarius, 535, or even earlier, Mr. Ezekiel thinks. It was opposite this place that the first battle between the Goths and the Romans was fought, and we were walking along the very passage, all rapturous you may be sure, where the Roman Guards kept watch in those wild nights over a thousand years ago!

When we entered the room we were speechless with delight. It was small and square, the walls plastered to the height of six feet and topped by a massive rail on which were rare works of art. Above this the original bricks rose in a vaulted ceiling, blackened by the smoke of the ages. Opposite the door, on the post of a little stair that wound up through the wall to the room above, an immense, stuffed owl perched on a basket of pine cones. In the center of the room was a long table of deep yellow marble, *giallo antico,* supported at each corner by a winged griffin, and covered underneath by a splendid leopard skin.

Madame Stefanis, a charming woman and a singer, sat at one end behind an antique silver tea service. Two silver candelabra on marble pedestals lighted the table, and between them was a field flower bouquet thrust into an Etruscan bowl.

"Now some of you will have to go upstairs," said Mr. Ezekiel, "as my tower rooms are so small." I stayed

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down with my host and sat at the marble board on a high carved chair and ate such modern things as toast and marmalade, while Madame Stefanis made delicious tea and our dear host told us about his old tower. *Tea in the Tower of Belisarius*

It seemed to me that the crowning touch was a great Roman garland of bronze-colored laurel, which was festooned high on the wall all about the room. Thereby hangs a tale. Many years ago our host had a young friend here in Rome, who met an Italian and fell in love with him. As she had no other friends in the city she was married in the sculptor's rooms. He decked them with laurel garlands, which have hung on his walls ever since, and the two young Italians who were with us were her children.

After tea we climbed the winding stair, built in the wall, to the room above. This was just as enchanting as the one below. The walls were hung with old tapestry and faded red velvet, on which were worked antique coats-of-arms. A canopied couch of olive-green brocade took up one side of the room; at the foot of a tall book-case gleamed a long marble desk; against the other wall was a piano, and above it all twined another frieze of the lovely bronze-green garlands.

Several delightful Italians now arrived, and they gave us some splendid music. Crispiani, one of the instructors of the Santa Cecilia musical college, played the prelude of "Parsifal," which opera is being produced for the first time in the great European cities this winter; Madame Stefanis sang; and wonderful little Lina Spera, to hear whom we shall probably pay three dollars a seat sometime in America, played for us on an old Amato violin, belonging to Mr. Ezekiel. She stood against the

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Tea in the Tower of Belisarius

background of faded tapestries, the light of the candles on the carved wood music rack flickering over her night-black hair and her great black eyes, smouldering in the fire of her art.

Of course it could not last forever, although Bettina and I were willing to stay for the rest of our days, and after going out on the terrace on the top of the tower we said good-bye in Italian and English and descended the winding stair. I gave a last look at the withered garland and the vaulted, smoke-blackened ceiling, and then went out into the dim passage, which was lighted by a lantern hanging from the beak of an enormous eagle, perched in the curve of one of the arches; then on into the grey darkness of the rain.

January 25th

We Cook a Dinner in a Roman Kitchen

ASK MAMMY FLORENCE how she would like to cook in a kitchen minus a sieve, flour and sugar! Sunday for a lark we cooked our own dinner. Bettina and I began work on the cake right after lunch, and were busy until five, when the other girls came in to help with the rest of the dinner. Most Italian kitchens are like Enrico's and he keeps no supplies whatever. He strides forth every morning and buys the meals for the day, which are brought up from the shops in broad wicker trays, on the heads of the *ragazzi*. Enrico kindly did our marketing, and for our cake he supplied us with a little paper cornucopia of flour, six eggs, unsalted butter, a pinch of salt in a small jar, a vanilla bean, some brown sugar for the icing and one cake tin, which Cousin Caroline ordered him to buy for the occasion. Vinanzia had to run out and purchase two cupsful of sugar before

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All Smart Rome Belongs to the Hunt

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We Cook a Dinner in a Roman Kitchen

we could begin! There is a huge tile stove along the wall, one small table, a sink and nothing else.

We began, much to the amusement of Vinanzia and Fulvia, who watched operations all afternoon. There was no sieve, so I scraped the flour through a strainer with a spoon. It took ages. There was no egg beater, but I did the best I could with a fork and a huge iron thing Enrico wields, until my arms cramped. As we had only one cake tin we baked the batter in sections. The first did not rise at all and the second popped up mountainously and cracked in gorges all over the top. But the icing successfully covered the blemishes.

Toward evening that diminutive kitchen bustled with activity, for creamed chicken and asparagus, baked mashed potatoes, beaten biscuits, fruit salad and mayonnaise, chocolate blanc-mange and whipped cream, were all in the process of making, to the accompaniment of lively chatter. I mixed the best mayonnaise I have ever made, and then beat biscuits with a huge milk bottle, and my hands are yet blistered from my culinary efforts.

We served the dinner at eight. Enrico arrived in time to help us at the last and gave us a guarded word of praise. But he was horrified because we used "*grasso di porco*" (fat of pig) in the biscuits. He said it was "*molto male per lo stomaco,*" and that he never used anything but butter and olive oil. All of them, even the *ragazzo,* were very scornful of our fruit salad, for which we had been pining for weeks and, oh, it was good! The dinner turned out beautifully, and we were much pleased because Cousin Caroline was dubious. However, we created such havoc in the kitchen she says we can never do it again!

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The Roman Hunt

Thursday morning we went to the Hunt. We had a big automobile and went spinning out the Tuscan road over Ponte Milvio, where the Catiline conspirators were arrested. We passed villas encircled by high walls and gateways and then reached the lovely open country, where the road ran on through wooded ravines made poetical by ruined towers and tombs and the thatched straw huts, *capanne*, of the shepherds, whose flocks were grazing over the hills. The highway was very lively with automobiles, carriages, carts and splendid hunters led by grooms.

The meet was about seven miles out, and, oh, how gay when we arrived. This is an established event and all smart Rome belongs to the Hunt. There were bright groups of officers in their striking uniforms, and all swathed, opera-hero-like, in long capes. With them hob-nobbed men in fur coats and huntsmen in blazing scarlet; and most of these signori were kissing the hands of ladies in magnificent furs and riding habits, and flirting with all their Italian art. We joined this animated throng and began our own *divertimenti*.

On the top of a little knoll, the Master of the Hounds sat his big black hunter, surrounded by the pack of white and yellow dogs. Of course, we ran up among them, and found them extremely friendly, and interested in our furs. It was jolly to watch the horses and dogs, to see the people arrive, to hear scraps of French, Italian and English conversation, and to dodge the professional photographers.

At last the M. F. H. called the hounds together, and they started off down the road, all the Hunt and the spectators following. We went across the rolling fields,

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The Roman Hunt

which were quite green, and sprinkled white with daisies, and stood on a hill to watch. The dogs looked like ants, running madly about over the hills and through the ravines, trying to find the scent, as the spirited horses, with their red-coated riders, swept down the hill out of sight. They had not found Mr. Fox when we left.

A Ball at the Villa Miraflori

Last night the Academy men gave us a dance at Villa Mirafiori. It was a very smart affair. We danced in the marble entrance hall, which they had made gay with flowers and laurel garlands. One of my partners, a young sculptor, took me out to his studio in the garden, and showed me his work, explaining the process after the clay model is made. He also foraged for me at supper, and we ate the most delicious ices of frozen tangerines filled with the frozen juice.

Bettina and I have just returned from a *conferenza*, where we went with Signora to hear a lecture on Dante by one of the most eminent scholars in Italy. But, alas! I, who am proud of my Italian, understood hardly a word, and looked about with dismay at the rapt faces of the fashionable audience in that old palace room.

"*Fa niente!*" said Signora as she patted my hand, "Very few understood that discourse; it was *molto profondo*."

This letter is like a mince pie, a little of everything in it. But, "*magari*," as the Italians say, all my days are rich mince pies of many good things.

January 29th

The Premier of d'Annunzio's New Play

LAST NIGHT Bettina and I went to the premier of d'Annunzio's new play, "Il Ferro," literally "The Iron." It was originally called "The Honeysuckle," why, I do not know, unless Gabriele thought any old title would

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The Premier of d'Annunzio's New Play

do! We arrived early and when we entered the theatre we were greeted by pandemonium. The University students were packed in the little hole above the boxes, which is the gallery, and they were amusing themselves in a frenzied Italian way. We were positively the first women there, and they howled when they saw us. Miss A., who chaperoned us, went into the row of seats at the wrong end and sat herself down by a lone young signor, who was the only other person on the floor. We had to walk around and enter from the other end, which put me next to the young man. This occasioned a storm of shrieks, applause and cat-calls from the gallery, "Beauteefoo Amereecana girla!" To use the patois of my native land, everyone was "balled out" as they came in.

It was a brilliant audience of smart and distinguished people. All the women were in elaborate evening dress, all of them rouged, all wearing fly-away hats, and all blazing with jewels. Between the acts everyone stood up and looked calmly about at everyone else through opera glasses. It is not bad manners to turn around and look at people in Italy. The play began at nine o'clock and we left at half past twelve, so you see we had plenty of time to observe.

It was the gloomiest play I have ever seen in all my life; so gloomy that it fascinated. The heroine, cheerfully called "Mortela," was a female "Hamlet," and the great Italian actress, Lida Borelli, took the part of the Hamletess. She discovers that her stepfather has killed her father, and for three long acts she slinks about eerie, green-lit terraces, in true d'Annunzio style, at the same time giving utterance to her morbid thoughts in the divinest Italian poetry ever heard.

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The Premier of d'Annunzio's New Play

It was a success, although there was a constant sputter of hisses on the part of the restive gallery gods, who had been in their hot places many long hours. They listened breathlessly to the adored Borelli, but found the others a bit slow, particularly the stepfather, in his death scene. "*Avanti! Andiamo!*" they cried; in other words, "Get a move on!" This so exasperated the signor next me, who was rather enjoying the wordy writhings of the victim, that he yelled, fortissimo, "*Silenzio, per Dio!*" which called forth such an answering hiss that the father's last struggles became mere pantomime.

To emerge from the shadows into the bright sunlight of a cheerful afternoon, Bettina and I have just come home from a walk in the Pincio with Pia La Fauci. We bought a gingerbread at Strano's, and then found a quiet bench, and ate it while we listened to the band and watched the crowds of people, the children and the gay nursemaids. The mothers never wheel the carts, or carry the babies themselves. Until very recently carriages were scorned, and one still sees aristocratic infants in swaddling clothes, strapped to a pillow, and carried in the arms of an Amazonian *balia*, or wet-nurse, who wears a costume of blue or pink, black bodice, huge apron, a cap pinned on with immense gold-knobbed pins, and as a last touch, barbarous earrings falling to the shoulders.

We met a friend of Pia's, a pretty, blue-eyed young mother in a scant, black velvet dress, who was accompanied by one of these gaudy creatures. She was a strapping, swarthy girl from the Abruzzi, and the baby's face looked like a pink flower against her broad breast.

Pia is a *Siciliana* and was in Messina at the time of the earthquake. She and her family escaped by a mir-

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The Premier of d'Annunzio's New Play

acle, but her fiancé was killed. Of course, she was shocked, although she scarcely knew him!

Cousin Caroline and I have been enjoying some jolly times together—shopping, calling, exploring. The other day we visited the fascinating studio of Miss H. in studio lane under the Pincian hill. Miss H. is a tall, impressive Englishwoman with a faint mustache marking the strong line of her lips. She received us on this occasion, wearing a subtle purple which billowed about her long limbs in Burne-Jones draperies; from her ears, hidden by compact waves of hair, dangled heavy antique earrings. Her studio itself is a work of art with its unusual antiques which she collects and sells. Upon the walls hang her remarkable etchings. Of late she has made a study of the Roman fountains, and they bid fair to become as popular as her Italian gateways. There was an exquisite bronzy one of the Tartarughe Fountain with its prancing naked youth, that relaxed my purse-strings.

On our way home, we bought tea at a bank!

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CHAPTER VI.
WE TRAVEL IN THE SOUTH.

Rome,
February 6, 1914

Luncheon at Madame's

WE are having perfect weather, the kind that makes one want to prance, and I have been out all day with Madame. She came rushing in at ten with "*Vite, vite, cherie!*" meaning, "Come out and greet the morn." I hustled into my things, and then, arm in arm, we skipped down the Spanish Steps. Violets, jonquil, narcissus, iris and roses border them now, and the flower girls with their baskets dot the upper steps with color. On one of the terraces some children were playing ball. They dashed it up against a slab of marble on the wall, inscribed with Latin, and over the twentieth century *bambini* and the early century Latin streamed the brilliant sun, as old as time.

We laughed and talked and giggled and window-shopped. Madame had several errands, and we spent about an hour trying to telephone her husband. The Italian telephones are impossible. I do not know how the people ever understand each other, for they speak like a whirlwind and simply scream.

Then we drove out to Madame's, and what a gay, happy luncheon we had, served by the funny old cook, who has been with the family for twenty years, and who wore a handkerchief over her head, and a shawl! Afterwards, Signor sang. Charles and I also performed

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Luncheon at Madame's

—*a duetto,* some of the folk songs of the American people, "Oh, You Great Big Beautiful Doll," and such. Charles is studying for a diplomatic career, but the time has come for him and his brother, Henri, to serve their term in the army. Poor Madame is so distressed, and is trying to pull wires to get them out of it, but in vain.

I have been busy lunching and "teaing," as Miss Fairbury says, this week. Yesterday I had a delightful luncheon at the Marchesa di C.'s, and afterwards we drove out to Signora's. She was standing at her garden wall, waiting for us, and came running down the steep steps to meet us. We wandered through her garden and over the hill back of her house, where the ground is thick with broken bits of relics of ancient times. The gardens of the Cæsars were here, and one has only to kick about in the sand to find pieces of marble, broken pottery and even parts of shattered statues. It was funny to watch the black poodle, Flock, playing with broken handles and rims of jars with which the slaves of Cæsar had served the great ones of those times. In the glowing pink light of the sunset, the ancient city with its slow Tiber at our feet on one side, and the broad purple Campagna on the other, I felt the haunting presences of other owners of that hilltop, to whom we and the digging dog were only rude intruders.

Signora took us to the brink of a great hole in the field at the right of her house, and there we looked down into catacombs. A month ago, after a rain, she looked out of the window one morning and saw this hole. The crust of earth over the top had caved in and unknown catacombs full of niches and little corridors were exposed.

All Rome is excavated in this way.

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February 8th

Molti divertimenti this afternoon! I met a prince of one of the grandest old Roman families. He asked me to dance and Cousin Caroline declined for me. "Demmit," says Mr. Mantalini! *Tea at the Grand*

We had been poking about together at various studios and were on our way home when our coachman collided with a tram. While he lingered to fight it out with the motorman, we paid him off and took to our trusty feet. We were passing the Grand Hotel, and Cousin Caroline suggested that we stop and have some tea, although we were not dressed at all apropos of the hotel. The Grand is the hostelry of all that is most aristocratic; it is always flying the flag of some visiting king or prince.

The tea room was very elegant and dignified; broad circular steps, banked with crimson and white azaleas, led up to the dancing room where an orchestra was playing. We sank down into huge cushioned chairs at a small table, and were served an elaborate tea. Near us sat a pert French girl and her fat mother, and the only other people in the room were a party of smart Romans. These beautiful women and their dashing officers left their tables occasionally to dance the tango. Cousin Caroline called my attention to one of them, a tall man, whose fine head looked like those on old coins. He was Prince F——, and he used to come to her teas when she lived at Palazzo Massimo. One of the lovely Frascati villas belonged to his family, among the noblest in Rome.

He must have felt the magnetism of our eyes, for he turned and saw us, dashed over, kissed Cousin Caroline's hand and was presented to me. He drew up a chair and we had a gay chat. When the orchestra struck up

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Tea at the Grand

again, he said, "*Ah, une one step! Voulez-vous danser avec moi, Mademoiselle?*" But before I could say my "*avec plaisir, Monsieur,*" Cousin Caroline cut in with "*No!*"

Il perchè? Non so!

That it should have happened to me—a veritable Nijinska of the dance, whose little heart, "wrapped in the brown paper of experience, and laid on the shelf of the past to gather the oblivious dust of the future," is absolutely moth proof!

However, I smiled smack into his wise eyes as Cousin Caroline ended the episode by granting him permission to call. How could she know that, in parting, he squeezed my hand ever so gently, murmuring, "*Magari!*"

Sorrento,
Hotel Tramontano,
February 15th

HERE AM I at Sorrento after a drive through an Italian *paradiso*. At Rome we felt so like old inhabitants that it seems strange to have joined the tourist hordes. I left a crowd of these postal card writers in the salon, and am up here alone on our balcony, which hangs above the bluest sea in all the world. It laps lazily at the walls below, and curves in turquoise, white-edged rings around the coast to old Vesuvius, smoking peacefully in the sky. Just opposite misty Naples floats above the shimmering bay.

Pompeii

We have been on the wing, now, for several days, stopping a night at Naples before going out to Pompeii, and then on down to La Cava. Pompeii—that compact little city of roofless houses, where the living seem like

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wandering ghosts! The lava-paved streets, about twenty-four feet wide, flanked by curbs and tiny sidewalks, are deeply grooved by chariot wheels and carts; rows of shops and houses radiate from the Forum and temples and theatres; the stillness in the exquisite houses of the "Little Loves," the Tragic Poet, and the Faun is broken only by the tinkle of their fountains, and by the footfalls of the living ghosts; the "Street of the Tombs" is grass-grown, a sunning place for lizards; the whole, hushed place seems to be breathlessly waiting — waiting, for what — who knows! *Pompeii*

We walked about the city until two o'clock, growing more and more hungry. At last we sank down on a doorstep, where a fat Pompeian baker had passed out loaves to the rabble, and told Cousin Caroline that our little bodies were aweary of lava pavements, and that our little "tummies" demanded something more substantial than rehashed last days of Pompeii. I had just read the tale and babbled about it so incessantly that the girls were willing to choke me. In fact, when we found ourselves (sounds like Baedeker) on the steep road, where Glaucus and Ione made their escape to the sea, Bettina and I had enacted the harrowing episode, much to the edification of the guides and post-card venders at the city gate!

With a sigh and a longing backward look down the street of "The Overhanging Balcony," Cousin Caroline led her unpoetic family through the gates into the land of today to be fed. After which we boarded the train for La Cava, creating a sensation as we hoisted our numerous bags into the compartment, for Pompeii boasts no *facchini.*

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La Cava La Cava is a little, still place in a tiny valley encircled by high mountains. One sharp peak has an old Benedictine abbey on its summit, and the bells were sending a vesper chime through the evening air as we drove up to a white hotel behind a tall garden wall. All night long they faintly tolled, far up among the clouds, and doves cooed under our eaves in the rain.

But the morning was dazzling, and we were off early, with three big canvas lunch bags, to Paestum, to see the ruined temples. The Greeks founded the "City of Neptune" in 600 B. C., and these temples are considered the best out of Greece.

Paestum We walked along a desolate road at the foot of a high wall, followed by six small boys and several dogs, the boys begging to carry our bags, and the dogs whining for a bite of the lunch. Then the little procession stopped silent before the ruin of "Neptune." The blue sea shone through its columns, stained a deep yellow by the weathers of two thousand years; hoary mountains kept watch behind; flocks of sheep and goats browsed the green brown fields about it; birds were nesting in its broken crevices; and grass and little blue flowers grew out of its chinks and cracks. There was a mild breeze, a kindly sun, and no sound except the birds and the faint conch-like roar of the sea three miles away. I sat down among the ruins to let some of that peace sink into my soul. It was not sad — like Pompeii. It was, as Grisel would say, just sweet!

We ate our lunch on the city wall, overgrown with shrubs and grass, while a circle of boys and dogs watched every mouthful, and an old woman, gathering sticks below, cast hopeful glances at us from the corners of

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her eyes. We gave her most of the remains of our lunch and then divided the rest among the children. One small grafter secured the largest share by courteously putting all he received into the grimy hands of his little sister, and then returning for more. We had to interfere in several fights over the two wine bottles. *Paestum*

By this time the warm sun, the balmy breeze, and the Greek spirit of the ruins had turned us into dryads, and we frisked over the place, which we had all to ourselves, with our hair down and our skirts flying. Finally we ran down the rough stone road, chasing a flock of goats on the way, to the Temple of Ceres, where we found an entirely new set of begging children plus a quasi blind boy. To the utter astonishment of these professionals, we girls suddenly turned upon them with outstretched hands, the usual agonized beggar-look upon our faces, and began to whine in the usual formula:

"Soldi, Signori! Ho molta fame! Mia madre è morta. Mio padre è ammalato. Ho niente da mangiare!" (Pennies, gentlemen! My mother is dead. My father is sick. I have nothing to eat.)

For an instant the youngsters, and even the blind boy who could see well enough to miss the stones in the path, stood dumfounded, then they caught the joke and roared with laughter, and it ended in a wild chase and frolic of American dryads and Italian fauns through columns built by the Greeks!

When we left, the mists were rolling in from the sea; the erstwhile fauns were soberly bringing in the flocks; the birds were homing; a crescent moon hung tarnished in the sunset; and another night came down to cloak again the glory that was Greece.

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The Amalfi Drive

The next morning, behold, the mountains were covered with mists and it was raining on the day of our long anticipated Amalfi drive. Nevertheless we started off at nine. There were two carriages drawn by three horses hitched abreast; but Miss Fairbury and I rode in a cart behind a strong, ambitious, little pony. We clattered down a steep cañon to the coast, and then began that superb forty-mile drive along the Mediterranean. The mountains rise abruptly from the sea, and the road is cut out of the face of the cliffs, winding, climbing, twisting, coiling about the curves of the shore. Little pink, blue and yellow villages cluster thickly all along the way; hoary Saracen towers cling to the rocks at the edge of the sea, and higher on the peaks are those of other times. I was amazed at the audacity of man, for every bit of the steep mountain sides is used for farms and homes, perhaps just enough ground for the house, one olive tree and a few vegetables. The olive, orange and lemon trees grow on terraces, built up with stones—and, oh, what labor! They are trained on arbors, and are covered for protection by dried grapevine or thatched roofs.

And the people, living on these crags that hang so green and flower-decked above the sea, complete the charm—the bright-clad old women and girls, barefoot, who trudged over the stones of the road carrying long, flat casks of wine on their heads; the old men, perched on the roadside parapet, who played weird tunes on pipes like gay old Pans; the goat herds, huddling their flocks into rocky caves to let us pass; the black heads tied up with scarlet cloths; the shining eyes peeping down from terraces above; the dirty babies who learn

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to walk on paths so steep, it is a miracle that they do not all tumble into the sea below — that "wine-dark sea" of blue and purple shadows, which licks the rocks with singing tongues. *The Amalfi Drive*

All morning we rode through this loveliness until noon, when we turned off the main road and climbed the mountain to Ravello. The road followed a wild and rugged cañon, so steep our little pony gasped for breath and the husky young driver jumped down and walked. On the terraces among the rocks and mountain growth of the lower slopes there was a silver shimmer of olives and the glow of lemons, but the tops of the mighty peaks were lost in billowing clouds. Long, winding steps cut in the mountain led up into the mists, and the lemon and olive pickers, bent under their baskets, climbed through the red-brown blur of stones and foliage. *Ravello*

"*Ohié!*" they called to us across the gorge, and it seemed as if a thousand voices answered from all the rocks.

Just then our pony lunged and snorted, for suddenly out of the mountain wall two elves appeared. One of them was as dark as night. Beneath a mop of lusterless curls, beaded with mist, shone two great, shy eyes. Her red lips were grave and tremulous. She wore a long, dull brown dress, bare feet peeping below it. In one hand she held by the leafed stem a yellow lemon, and in the other a bunch of purple crocuses, both of which she offered to us shyly and without a word. By her side stood a yellow-haired mite, whose deep blue eyes gazed at us wistfully as she held against the faded blue of her dress, a branch of glistening lemons.

After his first alarm Mr. Pony whisked us by, and

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Ravello before we knew it we had passed these marvelous little creatures, who looked mournfully after us up the wild gorge, wreathed in mist.

"We'll give them some pennies when we come back," said Miss Fairbury, ending our raptures over the little beauties, whom our spell-bound amazement had so disappointed. "At any rate, for luck, we'll bestow largess upon that beak-nosed witch, who has just popped out of the rocks."

As we climbed higher we plunged into mystery, for the mists were so dense all the view was hidden; and when we arrived at last we saw the tiny piazza, the cathedral and the fountain, and the cypresses against the quaint campanile of the Rufolo *palazzo* through a veil of rain. We ran up a long flight of steps to the Pension Palumbo, where we ate our lunch before an open fire in a room opening on a garden. Afterwards I hurried out upon the terrace, glad to be alone. The rain had stopped, the mists lifted and all the shining mountain tops and valleys could be seen. Far, far below was the sea, and the sound of children's voices and church bells came sweetly up the gorges to the little garden-terrace high above the shore.

We went to see Palazzo Rufalo, where Robert the Wise and Boccaccio were frequently entertained. Beyond the court and the vaulted banqueting hall was the garden. When Wagner saw it he said: "Here, at last, is the enchanted garden of Klingsor!"

Ravello, romantic, idyllic, incomparable! A place in which to linger forever, and we had to ride away, so soon, behind an obdurate pony, long looking back at the grey *campanili*.

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Pompeii.
We Were Weary
of Lava
Pavements

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Then we got out our pennies and began to watch for the elves. As we passed a lemon terrace and a house by the roadside, there they were above us, peeping from among the trees. I held up the pennies, and they came running down a path to the road, black and yellow hair flying and skirts whipped by the wind, a moss-grown gateway framing them as they passed through. We gave them the pennies, much to their shy delight, and they filled our laps with lemons. *Ravello*

We soon reached Amalfi, a little town on a pebbly cove, and the Cappuccini Hotel, which was once a monastery, on a ledge high and sheer above the water. We had a long climb up the steps to reach it, while a crowd of mercenary little boys, very different from our shy elves, sang (truthfully) "*La Donna è Mobile*," and turned handsprings on the road below. *Amalfi*

The hotel is a long, low building, which boasts a charming cloister and chapel. The rooms were the cells of the monks, and the dining-room is in the old refectory. We had tea out on the terrace, hollowed from the hillside. There was a lemon arbor over our heads, and the waiter most conveniently reached up and picked one of the fruit for our tea!

That night before I went to bed in my dim room I stood at the window and looked out. Below all was blackness, picked out here and there by a wavering light. The gaunt mountains melted into a sky made faintly luminous by a tiny moon. There was no sound save the lap, lap of the waves. I leaned from

> . . . magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

We spent the next morning prowling about the crook-

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Amalfi ed streets of Amalfi, built by the Moors. It made me think of Algiers. And then at one o'clock we were off again. This part of the drive was grander and more magnificent, the mountains higher and more rugged, the water a deeper blue. The country was so wild and poetical that I would not have been surprised to have seen Ulysses' ship struggling by the siren isles towards the dim outlines of Capri far away. But, instead, there was only a little Italian goat girl with her dog and goats.

Sorrento Finally the road turned inland, twisted down the hills, and soon we were clattering through the high-walled orange and lemon groves of Sorrento, across the piazza, where peasants were clumping about on wooden mules, and down a narrow street to the Hotel Tramontano. Here we were cordially welcomed by the interesting old signor of that name.

All evening I have been watching the *Tarantella*, and listening to the songs of the dancers. Now the moon is coming up over the Bay of Naples, and my soul, already drunk with so much beauty, will drink a little more!

Napoli,
February 20th

THIS MORNING I was awakened by a patter-patter in the street below my window, and by the cry of the goat milkman. I ran and looked out. He had stopped his little flock before a tall house next door, and from a window on the top floor a woman was lowering a bucket by means of a small rope. Signor Milkman milked a goat until the bucket was filled and the woman then drew it up. Convenient! I have seen vegetables, fruit, flowers and bread bought in the same way.

Capri We spent a day at Capri before crossing the Bay. Sor-

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rento, with its villas and its fascinating shops, where we became demoralized and spent all our money, proved so charming that we bade a reluctant *addio* to the roses, the gardens, the pink, wistaria-covered walls, and to stout, chivalrous Signor Tramontano, who had entertained us with the same grace he had bestowed on the King of England. *Capri*

The first destination of the crowded little steamer was the Blue Grotto, and when we arrived we found the sea dotted with small boats, manned by screaming, gesticulating oarsmen. Only two can go in a boat with the rower. The opening to the grotto is just three feet high, and very narrow, so we had to lie in the bottom of the boat as we went in on a wave. Inside the water is like the burning blue of an alcohol flame. It casts a blue reflection over the walls and roof of the cavern, and the effect is unearthly. We bumped and scraped and had some difficulty getting out.

At Capri we landed in boats, and climbed into carriages drawn by little ponies, gaily decorated with tall feathers set in a tiny silver figure between the ears; and the harnesses were bright with brass. The road zig-zagged up the mountain to Anacapri, magnificent blue vistas of mountain and sea on every side. Peasant women, carrying baskets on their heads, were climbing the steep steps that used to be the only thoroughfare between Capri and Anacapri. High in a rocky, vine-draped cave, a tender Madonna looked out upon the sapphire Bay of Naples. She seemed spiritualized by the loveliness all about her. The drivers raised their hats as they passed by, and then resumed their efforts to coax us for a larger fee.

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Capri "Gentle young ladies," said ours, who had a rakish straw hat posed over one ear, "behold, this is a steep road, the load is enough heavy, my little horses are very tired. *Ecco!* They puff and sweat. *Per caritá!* it is necessary that you pay me more, is it not so?" These people think we, being Americans, are made of gold.

Naples This is our last night in Naples. We have done all the usual tourist things, from pinching the electric fish at the Aquarium to teaing on the terrace at Bertolini's. I have heard the hoarse roar of Naples and the clatter of her cabs and carts; I have seen the Museum, the Opera, the Palace, the marvelous shops; I have looked down upon one of the fairest views of all the world from a San Martino balcony; I have visited Virgil's tomb, and stood under the shadow of the pines at Posilipo; I have walked the crooked, flower-bright streets, where washings dangle overhead; and I have heard the Neapolitan songs sung by throaty singers in the moonlight under my balcony.

One is singing now, *"Addio, Bella Napoli!"* and I suppose I should go out, throw down some pennies, and take a last look at the city ensilvered by moonlight, at the shimmering Bay, at dark Vesuvius mingling its smoke with the stars, and at far-away misty Capri. But instead, what do you think I am going to do? Climb right into bed, with the only "American Magazine" I have seen since leaving home, and make myself "comfy" with "Emma McChesney!"

February 23d

Reception at the American Embassy BACK AT home in glorious Rome!

Yesterday at five we went to a *ricevimento* at the American Embassy. It is on the fourth floor of Palazzo

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Dragone, at Quattro Fontane. I have passed it hundreds of times, and from the dingy exterior I never dreamed of the grandeur within. That is the case, however, with most Roman palaces. *Reception at the American Embassy*

At the doorway of the court stood a huge major-domo in mulberry livery, carrying a tall mace. He saluted us as we passed by. We climbed a broad marble stair carpeted with buff and brown velvet, bowing footmen on every landing. Ambassador and Mrs. Page, charming people and most worthy to represent our country, received in a room hung with silvery rose brocade. There were glittering candelabra, magnificent gilt chairs, splendid pictures and bronzes, and on a marble table in front of an immense basket of flowers was the President's portrait in a silver frame.

In the white-paneled dining-room, the last room on the square of the court, we had a gay time about the long table laden with all good things. There was a great crowd of splendid looking people, most of them Americans. I felt very proud of them, and of our Ambassador, and Embassy.

February 24th
Mardi Gras.

THIS IS Mardi Gras, the last day of the carnival, and we have just come in from an exciting drive on the Corso. We got into line at Piazza del Popolo. The Corso was a sight. Every balcony and window was packed, and in the street, besides the hordes on foot, there were two lines of carriages. A network of paper spirals dangled overhead and from carriage to carriage, and through it blew a rain of confetti. Men and boys with paper dusters flapped us, and squirted perfume and *Mardi Gras*

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Mardi Gras threw candy beans. We crawled along and every time we stopped we got well pelted and biffed. Signorina Pia, who was with us and had never done such a thing in her life, was so frightened she wept, and the first thing we knew we had turned off the narrow, famous little street. It was impossible to get back into line, and after driving down to La Tour's in Piazza Venezia, where some officers, applauded by the multitude, emptied several bags of confetti over our heads, we were quite ready to go home.

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CHAPTER VII.
SPRING COMES TO ROME.

Rome,
March, 1914,
Sunday

AFTER a few days of rain, during which we appropriately visited such gloomy places as the Mamertine prison, where Peter languished, and several musty old churches on the Caelian hill, among them San Gregorio Magno, from which St. Augustine set out in 596 with forty monks to preach Christianity in England, we went out in the sunshine of this lovely Spring afternoon to the Golden House of Nero. It is a vast ruin on a hill gay with almond blossoms and fresh grass. We were shown the great banqueting hall, where the feasts lasted twenty-four hours, and the *vomitorium!*

From here we walked through the Forum and up the Palatine, gathering almond blossoms and violets by the way. On the very spot where the emperors of Rome lived and passed *their* "Sunday" afternoons, we sat on a stone bench and watched the crowds of people about us and in the Forum below. Near us a fat Italian baby let go of his balloon, which floated blithely away to the accompaniment of howls.

Calls

Yesterday afternoon we called on Mr. Elihu Vedder and his daughter. They have an apartment full of rare things. Mr. Vedder is a dear old man, and took great interest in showing us his work, which is so imaginatively beautiful. We had tea at a round, lamp-lighted

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Calls table in a tapestry-hung room, and listened to the reminiscences of the old painter.

On the way home Miss Fairbury, Bettina and I walked in the Pincio just as the crowds poured forth from the band concert. The sunset was afire in the west, and the lovely spouting fountain under the ilexes at Villa Medici threw out brilliant jets among the somber branches and into the crimson, purple-blue water of the fountain basin.

Oh, the fountains of Rome that have played ceaselessly for centuries! Rome would not be really Rome without the splash and roar of many waters.

March 5th

Gold, much yellow gold!
"Do you see this ring?
'Tis Rome-work, made to match
(By Castellani's imitative craft)
Etrurian circlets found, some happy morn,
After a dropping April; . . ."

Castellani's Etrurian Gold

WE HAVE been to this very Castellani's to see his wonderful collection of Etruscan jewelry. He is an artist, a goldsmith, a collector, and an authority on all things Etruscan. Such yellow gold was never seen and such workmanship, for he is master of a craft known only to himself.

Bettina and I also have been shopping in the antique shops down near the Tiber. Every time we pass, now, a loud-voiced proprietoress of one of them runs out and nabs us.

March 8th

Mt. Soracte

YESTERDAY we climbed Mt. Soracte, and hob-nobbed with centaurs, fauns, hermits and prankish sprites, who were masquerading as goats. Horace and Virgil mention

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the mountain in their poems — perhaps that is why it is a classic-myths sort of place. A temple of Apollo once stood at its highest point (2270 feet) and in 746, Carloman, son of Charles Martel, built a church and monastery over the temple and called it San Silvestro. *Mt. Soracte*

When we arrived at the nearest station, which is three miles from the village of San Oreste, we found that the *sindaco*, or mayor, had not sent a conveyance for us as Cousin Caroline had written him to do. And so we climbed to the grey town on one of the peaks of the mountain to the point where the path up Soracte began.

A small boy offered to carry our two heavy baskets, and accompanied by this little scarecrow and a mangy dog, we set out. You should have seen that animated bundle of rags, holes and patches in his tattered hat. On one foot he wore an ancient brown shoe, lately rejuvenated with a spiked wooden sole; on the other he wore a black one, three inches too long, the leather sole loose from the upper part and anchored to it by means of a string tied about the ball of the foot. How he managed to walk over the worst path ever trod in such gear is a mystery to me!

He guided us across the fields, where women, girls and boys were working, and fat babies slept under purple and red umbrellas. The path meandered up the steep hillside into a hoary olive grove, rising poetically from the grassy slopes with its lichen-covered, twisted trunks and branches. Here I saw the centaurs. They were frisking coltishly about among the grey boles of the trees, and no telling how many dryads watched them from the silver leaves above.

It was a long, steep walk up to the entrance of the

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Mt. Soracte town, and when we arrived we fell sprawling in exhaustion on a mound of rocks, and on a stone parapet which topped a precipice, overlooking the glorious valley of the Tiber. Our guide climbed on to the town in search of a man who could carry our coats and baskets up the mountain. While we waited, the *sindaco,* a huge, fat person, whose throat was swathed in a cloth fastened by an enormous safety pin, came down to tell us that he had not received Cousin Caroline's letter, and that was why he had failed us. *Che peccato!*

After a long time, during which we were investigated by children, goats and chickens, our guide returned, a large flask of wine under one arm, a baby sister tugging at his coat tails, and an imperceptibly elder brother bringing up the rear. Of course, we declined the escort of the baby sister, but had to accept that of the brothers. And so we began our two-mile climb up bare Soracte, over a very steep, stony path, that wound along the mountainside, overhanging the valley, where the Tiber coiled, like a silver snake, among the hills.

While we were eating our lunch in an ilex grove half way up the mountain, we were startled by a noise, and from behind a tree peeped a young faun, aged about six. He was clad in black goatskin breeches, and under a battered felt hat, pulled down so far on his head that his pointed ears stuck straight out, he grinned very faunishly. In fact, this grin never once left his face during the time he was with us, and he stayed until we descended the mountain in the evening. He and his mamma, who sat under a tree picking violets, were tending a flock of black and white goats. And such goats—of the nimblest legs and the sauciest eyes, who pranced

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on precipices, and poised, all four feet in a point, on the very end of branches of trees, and stretched their hairy little necks to nibble tender leaves just out of reach. *Voila* the sprites! Surely no ordinary goat could stand like a small inverted right-angle triangle on a tree branch. *Mt. Soracte*

Then we began our climb again, and before long we saw the walls of the abandoned convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie rising above us, and a cowled figure black against the sky, looking down. It was Fra Camillo, the lonely custodian of the two ruins on that lonely mountain top. The man had an unshaven face, a toothless, smiling mouth, and very black eyes. He wore a black woolen robe, tied around the hips with a rope from which dangled huge keys. His wooden-soled boots made a wild clatter as he walked over the stones. He gave us a cordial welcome, and I have never met such a voluble talker—he had to make up for the silence of most of his days, for there is not another soul on the mountain except the goatherds and the old men and women who go up to the ilex grove for wood. *Fra Camillo*

Fra Camillo took us into the convent courtyard, gave us a drink from the well, and picked marigolds and daffodils for us while we went into the musty convent and peeked into the kitchen, which seemed to be his living-room, also that of his hens.

"Only I and my hens here, Signora Madama!" he said.

He accompanied us up to the highest point, where stand the ruins of the church. Here we threw ourselves down on the flat rocks and looked and looked at all the kingdoms of the earth spread out below. It must have

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Fra Camillo been from such a mountain top that Satan tempted Christ. Oh, it was lovely — a gentle, balmy breeze blowing over us, and utter silence except the tinkle of goat bells, and childish voices from the valley. I wanted to choke the hermit, who disturbed this profound peace with a babble incessant.

As we left I took a long, last look. On the east was the colorful Tiber valley. The grey town of San Oreste on its peak cut off most of the view to the south. The west and north, bathed in the light of the declining sun, rolled away in a mist of green to the Apennines, and to the far-off shining lake of Bracciano. A tiny black speck in the southwest was Angelo's dome.

We said "*a rivederci*" innumerable times to the hermit, who stood by his wall watching us out of sight. In the dusky ilex grove our faun disappeared as suddenly as he came. When we reached the last stretch leading to the road and the carryall that was to take us to the station, I sat down on a big rock in the midst of a flock of bleating, sniffing, little kids. It had been a soft, mild day, with great clouds sailing about, now and then covering the sun. But now the sun blazed out, sending long shafts of light over the plain and up through the olive groves below me, making them more grey and time-scarred, and the young grass more living green. My eyes filled with tears, for it seemed to typify life and Italy, the old and the new, the changing and the changeless, over which the sun has poured its light since time began and will until it ceases.

March 10th

MONDAY AFTERNOON Bettina and I took a long walk

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through the ravines and daisy-starred dells of Villa Borghese, after visiting the Capuchin church to see Guido Reni's "St. Michel and the Dragon," and the bones of the monks. A brown-bearded friar took us down to the crypt, where in holy soil, brought from Jerusalem, the monks used to be buried. When the ground was full, the old bodies were dug up to make room for the new dead. There are six rooms containing the bones of four thousand monks! In all of them the altars, walls and ceilings are made of bones, arranged in symmetrical patterns and friezes, and adorned with hanging lamps of bone designs. In niches in the walls and altars lie complete skeletons, clothed in the brown Capuchin robe. The holy soil is as black as ink, and raked up into little mounds. Certainly a gruesome place! *The Capuchin Church*

It gave me the strangest feeling to think that all these ridiculous things once had life, joys and sorrows, and to what an end are they come! Fancy, having decorative designs made of one's vertebrae and ribs, and one's frontal bone, that had once housed the thoughts of a human soul, scribbled with names of curious strangers from all over the world! Alas, poor Yorick!

March 14th

HERE ARE some violets I gathered in a shadowy corner of a tomb at Ostia, where the bees hummed, the lizards darted and the snails bided their time. All the place was blue with these huge violets. *Ostia*

We motored down to the seaport of ancient Rome, through the fresh spring meadows and dewy hedge rows. The King is interested in Ostia, and in time, when the money is forthcoming, the old Roman port will be

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Ostia entirely dug out of the grassy hills. The Tiber, winding through laurel banks, empties into the sea here.

We spent the morning rambling about among the ruins, and then rode on down to the sea, where we had our lunch on the sand. We were richly entertained, for a jovial and barefooted fisherman, with a basket of small, grey crabs, approached us, trying to sell, and when he failed he proceeded to eat 'em alive. Shrieks resounded about the black shore! It reminded me of Lucifer in the "Inferno"—

Da ogni bocca dirompea co'denti
Un peccatore . . .

for the crabs' legs squirmed like those of the sinner in the mouth of the chewing giant that Dante describes.

Sunday, March 15th

Audience with Pio X OUR AUDIENCE with Sua Santità, Pio X took place this morning, and I have been blessed by an old man who looks like a saint. We started off in carriages a little after ten, two of us in white and the other two in black. We clattered up to the great entrance of the Vatican palace, where the gorgeous Swiss guards stand in their yellow, red and blue costumes, blocking the way with halberds. I presented our credentials, which passed us. Then we climbed a grand marble stair, at the top of which stood an officer, who opened our envelope and directed us across a court to another magnificent stair, which wound up and up, a Swiss guard on every landing.

After passing through several large waiting rooms filled with guards and gentlemen in red brocade, we were at last seated upon some slippery olive-wood chairs

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Audience with Pio X

in a magnificent room hung with red moiré. We waited here for over an hour, when one of the gorgeous gentlemen motioned us to follow him and we passed into a small throne room, joining other people in a line about the walls. It was very quiet and solemn. We stood a long time, in fact, so long that one man became so drowsy that he toppled over. Everyone giggled. We all carried rosaries, and some old ladies had enough things in their hands and on their arms to stock a store. Their cousins and their uncles and their aunts had all sent trinkets to be blessed.

Finally two splendid Vatican officers in blue and gold, with flashing spurs and swords, and shining Roman helmets, motioned for us to kneel. These officers and a few purple- and black-robed dignitaries preceded the Pope, who walked alone. We had fine positions near the door so we could see him as he came and while he blessed the people in the other rooms. I caught his eye as he passed me and he smiled. He blessed us very simply, as any kindly old man might do, in the Name of the Father and Son and Holy Spirit, and made quite a little speech in Italian. He wore a white broadcloth robe, a round white cap on his white head, a heavy gold chain and emerald cross about his neck, and soft red slippers. He has light, mild, blue eyes, and large pleasant features. As he passed out of the door he laid his hand on the head of a girl near him and her face was transfigured with radiance.

It was an impressive experience, and I am glad that I have the blessing of the great head of the Roman Catholic church, as well as that of a dear, good and rather unhappy old man.

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Debussy Conducts the Orchestra

This afternoon I heard Debussy conduct the orchestra in a programme of his own compositions. I had made a fine mental picture of him based on his erratic music; imagine my surprise when a stocky, French-shopkeeper-looking person appeared and waved the baton absolutely without magnetism. The only thing on the programme that pleased me was the *"Après-midi d'un Jeune Faune"*; it was charming.

The large audience was divided in its opinion, some applauding, others hissing. One man frankly expressed himself by yelling, *"Alla porta!"* (Show him the door!)

March 16th

San Filippo Neri's Day

TODAY IS San Filippo Neri's day, and it is always celebrated in old Palazzo Massimo, where live the descendants of Fabius Maximus, the oldest family in Rome. Long ago a child of this family was raised from the dead by San Filippo Neri, and ever since mass has been said on the saint's day in the Massimo chapel, and all the world can go. It is said that the Massimos are very poor, although they have wonderful things in their old *palazzo* that would bring them in a fortune, but the government will not permit them to sell these art treasures.

The portico of the palace was hung with faded banners, and just inside the door stood a giant major-domo in magnificent old liveries. We climbed a long, winding stair which ended at a loggia above the charming court, and this opened upon a dark room full of rare things, but worn and shabby. All conditions of Popolo Romano rubbed shoulders through the exquisite rooms and in the little chapel, and all day long the princes of the house of Massimo mingled with them. Cousin Caroline

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It Was a Steep Climb Up Bare Soracte

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used to live in this old *palazzo*, and when we met the old prince he invited us into the family apartments for some coffee. *San Filippo Neri's Day*

On the way home, in crowded Via Tritone, the ribbon stick-up on my hat became too chummy with an awning, and remained dangling with it while I marched on bareheaded. Everyone on the street, including myself, had a good laugh. At home I would have felt chagrined, but in Italy—*fa niente!*

* * * * *

An adventure is toward for me tonight; I am going to the opera, "Lohengrin," the guest of two gentlemen I have never seen. Miss Fairbury came into my room late last night with the news. It seems that a friend of hers just arrived in Rome—a Dartmouth College Professor—has invited her to go to the opera with him and a friend with whom he is traveling, and he also suggested that she should ask someone to make the fourth of the party. She chose me, and so 'tis arranged. We are consumed with curiosity about the other man! *A Coincidence*

Later.

Such an experience! *Who* do you suppose the unknown man was? Mr. D., whom I met in the East four years ago! We were paralyzed with surprise and did not recover all evening.

Miss Fairbury and I looked quite distingué as we descended our marble stair. But my sang-froid tottered after I had met her friend and saw my escort. We were both dumfounded to meet thus suddenly in Rome, and to start off to romantic "Lohengrin," the street lamps flashing through the carriage windows on our amazed faces.

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A Coincidence As he said, "The primeval romance of the opera contained nothing more wonderful!"

March 21st

Veii I HAVE been out all day in a violent wind. We are having blustery March weather, rain, wind and sunshine almost at one time. Some of us motored out over the Tuscan road north of Rome to the ancient Etruscan city of Veii, which is only a name now. We left the car in a meadow where two rugged old shepherds were tending sheep, and went on foot over the rolling hills, green with short, fresh grass, and white with perky daisies. A stream rushed over grey rocks, and beyond, a wooded hill rose steeply, where once, about 300 or 400 B. C., the powerful Etruscan city of Veii flourished.

All that is left of it is a tomb and a columbarium. A great ilex was growing out of the columbarium and the rest of the place was covered with thickets of blossoming hawthorn. The niches that had contained ashes were full of water from the rain. This spot once so pulsing with life is now a silent woodland, where flowers bloom and Italian shepherds watch their flocks. What has become of the souls of this ancient people? "Alas, whence and wither flown again, who knows?"

The ground was bright with myrtle, fragile pink cyclamen, and an exquisite little blue flower. We went back laden with blossoms and ate our lunch in the meadow, the wind whipping us to pieces and funny little lambs frisking about us.

Social Encounters We came home by way of Bracciano, which burst like a faery city out of the storm-clouds above the lake, with its peach blossoms, olives and turreted castle.

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Social Encounters

Friday we went to tea at the Contessa du Bessé's. It was altogether delightful, and we met some interesting people, particularly three young men — a tall Neapolitan who is studying law with the Conte, an officer, and an antipatica Dutchman who was not so very antipatica after all! There are two old bachelors who flit about, and we meet them everywhere. One collects maps, the other beams on the ladies and helps them buy antiques.

Have I told you of our British Museum friends of whom we are very fond? They come to see us often and are a constant delight. Mr. X. is an authority on old coins — no one in the world knows quite so much about them as does he — and for many long years he has lived at the British Museum in London in charge of the coin department. With his florid face and rumpled white hair he seems to have stepped out of an old English print; while his wife is an animated Cruickshank. Her formidable black jet bonnet defies time and modes.

We have recently been entertained by Miss V. and Miss L. at the Methodist School for Girls. These ladies dined with us and charmed us on that memorable Thanksgiving when we were served Enrico's erratic conception of that American feast. Miss V., a beautiful woman and a Stanford graduate, founded this school seventeen years ago. It is now a big institution, housed in a splendid modern building, and filled with girls who take to American methods of education like little ducks to water. You should see these whilom, convent-bred Italians playing smashing games of tennis and basket-ball. How scandalized their grandmothers would be! Stately Miss V. is the queen-bee in this hive, and Miss L. mothers them all. The two ladies have recently re-

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Encounters Social turned from a remarkable trip around the world. They spent seven months of their three years in Cashmere — the Lalla Rookh country — living on a house-boat, with sixteen servants apiece, and they expended for the tout ensemble only one dollar a day. Let's go!

To our tea the other day came a huge, handsome young German officer from Munich. What a lord of creation he was! He scorned the Italian officers, and, says he, "If one of them stared at a lady in my country as they do here, I would spank his face!"

Ahimè! Only one more month in Rome!

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CHAPTER VIII.
LAST ROMAN DAYS.

Rome,
April, 1914

TUESDAY morning we visited a Montessori school. All winter I have heard about the Signora and her method, but the Italians are not as enthusiastic over it as the Americans and the English. However, they agree as to the ability and the magnetism of the Signora, and she has succeded in making her schools interesting. *A Montessori School*

The one we saw was in a French convent, the nuns all in white, and the schoolroom spotless and cool, opening with Gothic windows and doors on a large cloister full of gay flowers and fine trees. The children were seated at little tables — all very busy, and very much starched in their clean pinafores. They were arranging colors in gradations of shades, coins as to size, boxes as to weight, picking out materials blindfolded, feeling sandpaper letters and figures, buttoning and lacing strips of cloth, and one "kiddie" was laboriously writing on the blackboard. These Italian babies, aged from three to six, are obedient and docile. I wonder how the method will succeed when applied to nervous, obstreperous young America.

At lunch time they all ran out into the court, while two four year old butlers carefully set the tables and then called the others. They marched in, and, after saying an Ave Maria and a Pater Noster, the butlers passed

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A Montessori School

the macaroni and each child gracefully helped himself from the large bowl.

We stayed two hours watching these adorable youngsters, who were more interesting to me than the "method."

April 4th

Subiaco

I AM tired, having just returned from a hundred-mile motor trip, but before I go to bed I must tell you about our marvel of a day at Subiaco.

Primavera! Spring in Italy! It was a real April day, clouds playing about the sun and an occasional soft spatter of rain. The fields were a tender green; cherry, pear and peach trees were in blossom and many others bursting into bud. We sped out through the immaculate morning into the mountainous country beyond Tivoli, the road winding up and down along the Anio. All the peasants were working in the fields or grazing their flocks, and on one of the little stone bridges we ran into a blockade of sheep. Our driver fretted at the delay, but, "*Pazienza!*" (Patience!) called the battered shepherd as he leisurely extricated his lambs from our wheels.

It was washing day all along the route; the women were kneeling by the river, rubbing their clothes on the stones—such pretty women, dressed in bright colors and wearing their corsets like bodices. I saw one young woman making her way to the riverside with difficulty. She wore a red skirt, with a grey corset laced over a white blouse, and hooped earrings dangling to her shoulders. On her head was a huge basket brimming with the family wash; in her arms was a lively baby, hanging to her skirts an older child, and she was leading a young

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pig, very unsuccessfully, by a string tied to one of its forelegs. Another member of the family crouched by the roadside, frantically clasping to his breast a little goat and a black lamb, afraid that they might be run over. As we passed, the woman became hopelessly entangled with the string and pig, but she did not drop the baby, who was helping himself to a meal, and the basket did not even waver on her head! *Subiaco*

How speed-mad America would fret and fume if their lives were as carefully guarded at railway crossings at home as they are in Italy! It is rather noble of a nation to value human life and safety more than speed and time. At the first crossing we found gates barring the road, guarded by a sullen girl, who squinted down the track with a telescope, and blew a blast of warning upon a real horn-horn. After fifteen minutes a freight train leisurely steamed by, and the girl as leisurely opened the gates. The next crossing was kept by an old woman who blinked at us over the bars, while a crowd of ragged children carrying colored umbrellas ran down from a town on a hill to inspect us. One small boy was dumfounded by the appearance of five large cars, for our wait was so long others were arriving.

"Behold, the so many trains!" he said; but a worldly-wise companion scornfully instructed him.

The little valley, hemmed in by mountains, wound up to Subiaco on a peak. We passed under an old arch and stopped in the narrow street at an *osteria* (inn). It was a dingy little place, the dark rooms crowded with chattering men, all sucking in large forksful of spaghetti, and eyeing us with interest as we passed by. We ate our lunch on a terrace overlooking the ravine below, and

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Subiaco then rushed off to see the monasteries at the top of the mountain, dedicated to St. Benedict.

San Benedetto When a youth of fourteen, San Benedetto left the seductions of Rome and lived in a grotto on a side of this mountain. Food was lowered from above in a basket, and sometimes the naughty devil, to torment the young saint, would cut the string and the basket would fall far below into the gorge where the Anio rushes down. No wonder St. Benedict has a lean and hungry look in all his portraits!

The automobiles took us to the beginning of the mountain path. Here there are ruins of a villa of Nero's, and the basins of three artificial lakes, in which he fished with golden nets. We stopped a moment in our climb to see Santa Scolastica, the monastery dedicated to the sister of St. Benedict; and then we went on through a gloomy little *bosco* of ilex, and came out upon the terrace of the San Benedetto monastery, built over the saint's grotto. It clings in some mysterious way to the cliff, and the mountain bends over it above. The place is charming because it is so odd, a series of little chapels, richly decorated, hewn out of the rock, one above the other. Stairs wind down through the rocky walls of the chapels to a tiny rose garden on a ledge of stone. This was originally a thorn thicket, where St. Benedict mortified his flesh, but after the visit of St. Francis to the monastery in 1218, the thicket of thorns became a bed of roses.

The Benedictine monks live in this strange ledge on the wild mountainside. The roar of the Anio in the gorge below, and the caws of their pet crow are the only sounds that break the quiet of their wind-swept cells,

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The Benedictine Monks Live on the Strange Ledge

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as the bells in the campanile toll off their peaceful days. *San Benedetto*

Oh, the ride from Subiaco to Palestrina among the Sabine, the Volscian and the Alban mountains! We climbed up and up; black stormclouds behind us, gorgeous sunlight and the sky before us; all the peaks crowned with grey towns, and all the valleys a pink mist of fruit blossoms. When we suddenly arrived at the summit of the ridge we saw the plain below and the ranges about us in a dazzling light. I thought:

> Splendor falls on castle walls
> And snowy summits old in story,
> The long light shakes across the lakes
> And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

I never expect to see a fairer sight, such raptures of spring and such blackness of stormy mountain and town.

Then we sailed down through mysterious villages to the green plain, and skimmed along to Palestrina, and then on to the Frascati, winding through vineyards and olive groves. We had tea, and crossed the Campagna, smouldering in the afterglow.

April 9th
Holy Thursday

I HAVE prayed in eight churches today, so now my sins are forgiven and I am prepared to begin a new era at Easter. We started at three and visited seven churches before going to St. Peter's. All Rome was doing likewise, the great crowds pouring silently in and out of the leather-hung doors. *Holy Week in Rome*

About five o'clock we joined the procession of carriages bound for St. Peter's. The piazza was black with people, and beyond, through the great bronze doors, I

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Holy Week in Rome

could see the yellow window at the extreme end of the basilica. There was an enormous crowd inside, but the church is so vast, a multitude is lost in it. We stopped at the baldacchino, near the entrance of the chapel, where the Tenebrae was being sung, and there we stood for more than two hours.

The choir was in a high purple-hung box and the voices were so lost in the lofty vaults that they seemed like eerie echoes. The altar was covered with a canvas depicting Calvary. At one side was a standard bearing thirteen lighted candles, representing Christ and the Apostles, and at the proper time in the Tenebrae they were extinguished one by one. The central candle was then taken from the standard and afterward replaced, symbolizing the entombment and the resurrection of Christ.

It was impossible to feel reverent when we could not hear or see well, and in the midst of such a great and restless crowd, so we watched the people, an amazing mixture of all nationalities and conditions of life. We held quite a reception among our friends. The young priests who came over with us stopped for a long talk. Poor boys, they are so homesick!

At last a roll of drums ended the Tenebrae. By this time the church was growing dark, and I watched the last rays of the sun climb the vast dome with its rich and gleaming arches, and then disappear altogether, leaving it in shadows.

Then the crowd surged around the baldacchino under which is the high altar over the tomb of St. Peter. Once a year at this time it is washed by the great ones of the church, the only altar in the world that has this cere-

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mony. The procession marched by us, Cardinal Merry del Val in his scarlet robes, a superb prince of the church, bringing up the rear. They all carried large brushes. The acolytes lighted two immense candles and poured oil on the altar, and then the brilliant procession marched up, each bishop and canon and cardinal wiping it with the brushes. *Holy Week in Rome*

After this ceremony six great candles were lighted in a balcony high in one of the four mighty pillars supporting the dome. Here the relics were exposed in absolute silence, while all who could, knelt. In the dim grandeur high above our heads a priest in white lifted the relics at each of the three railings of the balcony, the frames glittering in the candle-light. They were the nails of the cross, part of the cross itself, and the handkerchief of St. Veronica, bearing the imprint of Christ's face.

This was the end and we slowly poured out of the vast church and a grander sight awaited us at the door. For the broad piazza, with its superb spouting fountains, its colonnades, and its obelisk brought by Caligula from Heliopolis, was flooded by moonlight. Behind us was the long vista of the church, a misty blur of incense and color; before us was the piazza, the spray of the fountains ensilvered, and the saints on the white moonlit colonnade gleaming among the stars; and on beyond was a blaze of light from the shops and the automobiles massed in a circle.

Of course, we could not find an empty carriage and had to walk home. But it was lovely along the Tiber embankment in the moonlight, all the lights zig-zagging in the water and the black bulk of the Castle of Sant' Angelo towering grimly against the purple sky.

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Good Friday.

Holy Week in Rome

MORE CHURCHES! Tonight we had an early dinner and then went to Santa Maria del Popolo to hear the Dolorata. I sat on a bench between a fat old peasant and a nice young priest and listened, rapt, to the beautiful music. How wonderful for the people to see and hear these great things, and how they love them! Even the children take everything in. I see them studying mosaics and frescos, and they stop in the streets to look into the art windows.

Saturday, April 11th

A Walk On the Appian Way

AT LAST we have had our long-anticipated walk on the Appian Way. We have been waiting for Holy Week so that Signorina Emilia, who is teaching a school of little boys in the country, would be here to go with us. At home if a ten- or twelve-mile walk had been suggested how little it would have interested me, but that distance over Via Appia Antica is a different matter!

We met Emilia at the tram station at half past eight, each one carrying part of the lunch, and presenting not at all a chic appearance. We rode away out to where the old Appian Way ends and the new begins. Nothing has thrilled me more than that ten-mile walk back towards Rome over Via Appia. Think of the people who have passed over it, not only heroes of Roman times, but such men as Peter and Paul. It was half past nine when we started off. The green Campagna rolled away to the Alban hills; the roadbed between the ancient curbing was carpeted with dew-sprinkled daisies, and bordered with buttercups, marigolds and asphodels; and up, up into the sky the larks were mounting, drop-

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ping down their crystal songs. Bettina and I loitered far behind the others to pick flowers, read the inscriptions on some of the broken slabs, and watch the grazing flocks. *A Walk On the Appian Way*

We walked steadily until twelve, sometimes over stretches of the old chariot-rutted pavement, until we reached the tombs of the Horatii and Curiatii, two tall, grass-grown mounds encircled by stone-pines and cypresses, with a tiny daisy glade between. Here we ate our lunch and stayed for two hours, climbing to the top of one of the mounds, where we basked in the sun, took off our shoes and stockings and let down our hair. It is an experience to lie flat on one's back on top of the tomb of such heroes as the Horatii, Italian cypresses nodding overhead and the Italian sky for a canopy!

Down below in a shadowy little ravine some German lovers were cooing, and a mysterious individual on a bicycle stopped and shot a revolver at a target on a stone wall opposite. We decided that he was practicing for a duel, and snuggled down in the grass for fear the erratic signor might practice in our direction! Then Emilia told us about her naughty little *ragazzi*, all of whom are enamored of her, one so hopelessly that he tried to shuffle off this mortal coil by imbibing the contents of the ink bottle!

All too soon we had to resume our walk, and now leaving the flowers, we passed instead, the ruined tombs. One of them was so immense that it had a house and olive grove on top of it! At the tomb of Caecilia Metella we met our carriages and then drove on into the city just at Vespers.

Priests in gorgeous robes, holding balls of holy water,

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A Walk On the Appian Way

and accompanied by incense bearers, were blessing the shops. Every house, every shop, every part of the city has been cleaned and blessed today. Cousin Caroline says that the *parroco* (parish priest) came in while we were away and blessed all the rooms. So I go to sleep in a purified place quite ready for the Paschal lamb tomorrow, hoping that your Easter will dawn bright and happy so many thousands of miles away in my beloved valley.

Assisi, April 14th

Assisi

ASSISI! I have come on a pilgrimage to the home of St. Francis, the founder of the Franciscan order of which the Spanish padres who built our California Missions were brothers. Last spring, when we motored over Camino Real, stopping at all the Missions, little did I think that in one short year I should be wandering over St. Francis' own hillsides, listening to the songs of his "little brothers of the air," and warmed by the rays of "Sister Sun."

We reached Assisi at noon, and drove up through the green fields to the little town on the hill, our driver singing an aria from "Tosca," when he should have been chanting the canticle to the Sun. From the windows of our little hotel we look down upon a lovely valley and beyond it to Perugia on its mountain.

As we went in to luncheon we met Signor Vinanzi, a painter who lives here with his American wife. He invited us to tea, so, late in the afternoon we drove up through the rain to a big stone house which was terraced four stories down the hillside. It was once a convent. We were received in the studio, and the high walls

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were lined with pictures of all kinds, most of them exquisite sketches of Assisi. We had a lively tea, and joyously ate the American doughnuts that the Signora had made herself. *Assisi*

The next day was perfect, and I shall be thrilled whenever I think of it.

We started out after breakfast with no idea whatever of our route. We just *went*. As we left the hotel gate we turned to right and walked along the winding streets, simply bewitched by what we saw on every side. We came out at last on a little piazza and went into the Church of Santa Chiara. At the tomb of the saint, who was so closely associated with St. Francis, black-robed nuns in masks took alms behind a grille, through which we looked to see the body of Santa Clara.

When we came out an old man selling post-cards said that his *ragazzo* would guide us up the mountain to the Carceri, which St. Francis used as a place for contemplation and retreat, and where he preached to the birds. We started with the boy up the crooked street and out through an old tower gateway upon a green, where sheep were grazing. We walked through olive groves — and such groves, silver-grey above, and flaming with scarlet poppies below. A nice, fresh-looking, young *contadino* joined us in our climb, and we had an animated conversation with him until he left us at a fork in the road, he taking a smooth path to a farm house and we following a rocky one on up the mountain.

It was a blustery day, strong wind, clouds and gusts of rain, but we went on and on, only stopping to get our breath and look at the valley. A river wound along among the farms and groves, and over the white roads

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Assisi shuffling oxen drew battered carts. On the upper slopes of the hillsides old women were spreading linen among the thickets.

As we climbed higher, the road became wilder and more desolate, and the *ragazzo*, who had not uttered a word since we started, now remarked grimly that this place was "*molto pericoloso*" because of the foxes. At last we saw a stone building clinging to the cliff, and we passed under a gateway and down a path where the agonized roots of the ancient ilexes writhed like serpents among the rocks. It was surely "*una selva oscura*," not a sign of life in the place, and when we had walked down a dark passage to a scarred door I felt that it was quite appropriate to "abandon all hope, ye who enter here."

But the boy pulled a string which rang a tinkling bell and an old, old man opened to us. We walked into a paved court, flanked by a balustrade, from which we had a fine view of a thickly wooded gorge. While the ancient man went to call the guide, we sat on the well curb under the portal, alone in the wilds of the mountain, the wind whistling about the towers and walls of that strange old place.

At last a young Franciscan with a very brown, jovial face and very black hair appeared. Although he had been fasting and was just about to satisfy his great hunger, he good-humoredly consented to take us about. He was the most adroitly curious person I ever encountered, for, by the end of our visit, he knew our life history.

In the first little chapel we entered, an old nun was kneeling before a case of relics, praying fervently. She

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Assisi.
We Walked
Through the
Winding
Streets

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joined our party, and I cannot tell you how strange we seemed in the lonely *carceri* accompanied by a hungry, inquisitive monk and a tottering nun from New Zealand. She had left France fifty years ago, and now at seventy-eight she was returning to her native land to die. She had walked up the mountain all that long, rough way, and was going to walk down. *Assisi*

We went down a rough, winding stair into a tiny place where St. Francis' bed was hollowed out of the rock. It was covered by a wire netting, from which hung fresh flowers. The old nun wept when she saw it, thrust her hand through the wire, and kissed the fingers that touched the rock.

"*Pauvre homme! Pauvre homme!*" she sobbed, "Figure-to-yourself, that gentle soul lay upon this hard bed when his body was tormented with sickness."

Beyond in a tiny chapel, the monk lighted candles on the altar from which hung a wooden Christ; and then they both knelt and said a prayer, the candle-light fluttering over the dim walls, and over the brown and black bent figures.

We went out into a garden, for here, no doubt, gentle St. Francis preached to the birds. Then we said *addio* to the monk, who sent after us a Parthian shot, that, "*Per Bacco!*" (I laughed to hear a Christian monk use a Pagan swear!) he had "*molto fame, io!*"

In the afternoon we went to see the great church, erected in 1228, and decorated by Giotto and Cimabue, in memory of St. Francis. The lower church, of course, was the one in which we lingered, with its dim blue vaults and arches, and wonderful frescos over the altar and in the chapels at each side. While we were there a

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Assisi swarm of pilgrims arrived, magnificent priests began to flit about, candles were lit, there was a great burst of music that resounded gloriously through the vistas of arches and vaulted roofs, and suddenly we were in the midst of a beautiful service, with that crowd of common, ugly people singing like angels.

Then while my heart was yet touched by the sublime in humanity, we walked out upon a broad path about the crest of the valley, and were confronted by the sublime in nature, as the sun went down among soft clouds, silhouetting the great church from which the bells were booming. My soul ached with the beauty of it. Oh, how noble and terrible life seemed as the deep-throated bells of San Francesco di Assisi rang out on that April evening, when the sinking sun cast a benediction over the little town purified by spring rains, and by memories of the gentlest, best and noblest of all the saints!

April 17th

Gala Performance at the Costanza

WE RETURNED to Rome in time to attend the gala performance at the Costanza last night. It was a benefit for one of Queen Elena's charities, and all the court was there. Incomparable Battistini sang in "Favorita." How the people adore him! After each aria they could scarcely wait to yell, "*Bravo! Bis! Battistini!*"

Mascagni took the baton, after the first act, amidst wild applause, and conducted the beautiful "*L'Inno del Sole*" from his opera "Iris." He has a splendid head and face.

It was a brilliant audience and every inch of standing room was taken—men packed in the aisles. Imagine

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Americans standing, unable to lift their arms, from seven until one, to hear music! *Gala Performance*

April 19th

My days in Rome are fast coming to an end and every time I think of it I feel as if something were squeezing my heart — to say *addio* to all the places I love and all the dear friends I have made!

Bettina and I have made farewell journeys to Frascati and Tivoli, and yesterday we went with Signora to Viterbo, in a Bohemian way, like the students in the opera. It was a long day of delightful rambling through that medieval town where the houses form arches above the narrow streets; where each little piazza seems set for the Capulet and Montague fight; and all the carved stone and old walls are stained a lovely soft grey by the only coloring worth while—the tone of time. But, alas! sometimes with the tone of time goes an odor that disgusts one's olfactory sense so completely that the others hardly survive! *Viterbo and Villa Lante*

We drove out to Villa Lante and spent the afternoon in the gardens and ilex groves. In the heart of one old tree a tiny Virgin stood on a bed of moss, her arms filled with woodland flowers. Near the casino there were some huge camellia bushes, a mass of wonderful red, white and splotchy pink blossoms. I thought they only grew on hats!

April 24th

One of the last things we did before starting on our journey north to Paris was to visit the Protestant cemetery and lay our tributes on the graves of Keats and Shelley. The house in which Keats died is just below our terrace, and we had already looked into the room *The Protestant Cemetery*

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The Protestant Cemetery

where Joseph Severn watched the young poet all that last night and held him at the end.

It was a bright morning and the little last resting place of aliens in Rome lay hushed by droning bees behind the Pyramid of Cestius. Near the wall at the top of a little ridge the heart of Shelley is buried. A broad marble slab rests on the ground, and the inscription with the dates of birth and death is:

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
Cor Cordium
Nothing in him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

The grave was dirty. So Talitha made a brush of dried grass and cleaned it nicely. Then we put a jar upon it filled with buttercups and poppies.

John Keats, side by side with his devoted friend, Joseph Severn, lies in the old part, a sunny, grassy meadow, shaded by a few fine old trees, of which Shelley wrote that "it might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." The contented sotto-voce murmur of birds broke into the hush of this little *campo santo,* and he "whose name was writ in water," and he who "suffered a sea-change" have surely found peace in the breast of the "lone mother of dead empires."

My last day in Rome, April 30th

I HAVE a song which says: "*Partir, c'est mourir un peu,*" and so I die a little as I bid farewell to Rome.

Last Days

Such busy days, rushing about to take last looks at

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We Spent the Afternoon in the Gardens at Villa Lante

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places, to make calls on friends, to arrange for our departure. My luggage is packed and it is as heavy with Italian treasure as my heart is with Italian memories. Bettina and I have spent long glad-sad days on the streets, in the galleries and museums, and in the antique shops where we have bought many beautiful things, hoping that in them we may re-live all these charming hours. There have been several last tea-parties — one at Villa Miraflori. The Academy men entertained us delightfully and showed us their rose-covered studios tucked away in entrancing garden nooks, in which the architects are reconstructing magnificent ancient buildings, the sculptors are modeling future masterpieces, and the painters are creating new Ledas and the swan. *Last Days*

And now comes the last day of all. Signor di Tullio has come and gone for the last time; Signora, Madame, Blanche, Pia, Charles and the other friends we shall see at the train tomorrow. Maddalena has a bundle of old clothes; old Teresa and Domenico have something that jingles in their pockets, and I have their blessing. One-legged Francesco will be up betimes in the morning to send us off with his last smile and flourishing bow. Enrico cooked us a wonderful last dinner, and gave us wild strawberries from Nemi, dipped in wine. Vinanzia and Fulvia are already beginning to cry—and down at the bottom of the Fountain of Trevi are two pennies for which the grubby little Roman boys are now fishing, and which Bettina and I dropped tonight with a few tears. But having thrown pennies in Trevi on our last night in Rome, we shall certainly return.

From our terrace I watched the sun sink behind St.

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Last Days Peter's and the stone-pines of Villa Pamfili Doria, and the stars come out in the amber sky. Down below in the piazza, the two boy musicians, who have sung there all spring to an audience composed of faces at windows, were urging "mama to go to mass" in the lilting tune of the latest popular song.

And now, as the bells in the Trinità de 'Monti are striking midnight, I write, with reluctant fingers:

Addio, Roma Immortalis!

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CHAPTER IX.
WE BECOME PARISIANS.

Paris,
June 4, 1914

Arrival in Paris

PARIS ENFIN! And would you believe it, the life of the city is not in the least disturbed by our arrival. Bettina and I both shed tears as we crossed the Italian frontier into Switzerland. I seemed to hear the bells of Assisi tolling a requiem for our Italian days, alive now only in memory. The Perugian griffin flipped his tail at us; Siena and towered San Gimignano smiled from their poppy plains; the lilies of Florence; the cuckoos in the gray woods of Fiesole and Vinciliata; the grinning lion of St. Mark's; Verona; the lovely lakes —all slipped away into the Past of the radiant May we had spent among them. And as our train steamed on into the valley of the Rhone, the last Italian baby waved to us in the way peculiar to Italians, the fingers wistfully beckoning.

We mourned for Italy all during our trip through Switzerland. Even before the sunset snows of Mont Blanc which lifted its head into the heavens, saying, "A fool hath said in his heart there is no God," and in the narcissus meadows at Vevey, I felt a nostalgia for that which was gone. But now in the thick of Parisian life, fighting for self-preservation in the maelstrom of the traffic, I have no time for such emotions.

We are four—behold us as we stand on the curb at Rue Scribe, waiting a chance to cross the street. Reck-

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Arrival in Paris

less Talitha dashes between flying wheels, scorns shelter on the "island," and reaches the opposite side, with good luck, alive, while we scream for her to wait and the chauffeurs swear at her. Miss Fairbury then ventures and successfully arrives at the "island." Bettina and I start together, she stepping out in her firm stride, which contrasts so oddly with her childish looks, and I quite willing to run. When we are all reunited, three of us scold Talitha for scaring us to death, she scolds us for being so poky, and then we go on to the Rue de la Paix and do it all over again!

Local Color

Our hotel on the Champs Elysées was too elegantly American to please us, so yesterday morning we took a taxi and went faring forth for "local color" and pensions. I wish you could have seen the places! The first, suggested by a Dutch friend we met in Florence, was entirely too colorish. The next, although in a central location, was not much better. Madame sent us there, because she was under some obligation to the *propriétaire*, whom she glibly called "Mad-Morin." A slovenly maid ushered us into a salon, stuffy with red plush furniture and paper flowers in cases. Madame Morin appeared in a soiled wrapper, her befrizzled front evidently just released from curl papers, and she was followed by a little white poodle which kept up a shrill barking during all our conversation. "Mad-Morin" murmured endearments and *soyez-tranquilles* to this beast whilst she showed us her *appartement*, at the same time waxing solicitous about Miss Fairbury, whose pained face was quite white with disgust.

"*Mademoiselle est malade, n'est-çe pas?*" she asked me in a loud whisper. Then she laid her hand upon fas-

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tidious Miss Fairbury, and inquired anxiously, "*Est-ce-que vous etes souffrante, Mees?*" *Local Color*

At last we decided on a third place, and it certainly has "atmosphere." It is on the left bank of the river near the Panthéon, in an old part of Paris. This is the history of the house briefly: It was built in 1391 by Pierre Fortet d'Aurillac, and in 1564 it became the hotel of the Bishop of Nevers. John Calvin established himself here in 1532 to write his religious controversies, but had to flee the following year. The garden was once the cemetery of St. Catherine of the Church of St. Etienne-du-Mont, and here Jean Paul Marat, whom Charlotte Corday assassinated, was buried. His ghost does not haunt us because the amiable people dug up the body and threw the ashes to the winds. *Our Pension*

Well, it looks its age and history. The entrance, in a dark little street, is grimy and smoke-blackened, and we reach the house across a paved courtyard. Bettina, Talitha and I have a large, pleasant room on the garden, and Miss Fairbury is on the same floor. The *propriétaire* is a sad-looking young Frenchwoman, who is constantly ordering about the two eager *garçons*.

We are so near the Luxembourg we can often run down and eat waffles under the trees, watch the students making love, and come home by way of the Boulevard Saint-Michel, or the "Boule-Miche," as it is called in Latin Quarter slang. When we go to the city we take a rumbling 'bus at the Panthéon, which whisks us through fascinating old streets, across the bridge at the Conciergerie into the broad Place de la Concorde, and deposits us at the Madeleine, where we resume our adventures on foot. All of which is quite a Bohemian freedom after

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Les Pensionnaires

our Roman elegance in Via Gregoriana, but we love it! We breakfast in our rooms, lunch out, and dine in the long *salle-a-manger*. Dinner is always amusing because of the combination of nationalities at our table. Magdalena Grossowna, the little Polish sculptress from Warsaw, whom we met at Florence, is here; also another sculptress, a Russian, who looks like a Cimabue madonna. Neither of them speaks or understands a word of English. A gentle little Swiss lady, a German *frau* and her daughter, a Middle West American college professor and his wife, a Hungarian woman and her two daughters, make the rest of the company. Magdalena, who is perfectly fascinated by us, the first Americans she has ever known, is puzzled by the college prof. She says he looks like one of their Polish peasants. Tonight he facetiously recited a long limerick nonsense about a goose, which fell rather flat upon Polish, Russian and Hungarian ears. Magdalena asked if it were one of our great poems, and added that she did not like the sound of it! Madame from Budapest and her daughters find us as interesting and curious as we find them, and amazing questions are exchanged on both sides.

As this is such a "quaint old place," we worry along in the evening by lamp-light. And now the bells in St. Etienne-du-Mont are ringing a late hour, so I'll blow out the light, and, after one look at our moonlit garden and out over the chimney-pots of Paris, I'll lay me down and go to sleep.

Paris, June 7th

The Ballet Russe

WE CERTAINLY have plunged into the life of gay Paree with a bang!—all due to the kindness of Miss Fair-

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bury's friend, who took us to the opera in Rome. Last night we went to see the Imperial Russian Ballet and afterward "did" some of the sights of Paris. Our trunks have not yet arrived, so imagine us climbing the magnificent stair at the Opéra in such evening regalia as we had with us, covered by our traveling coats. It was the very last performance and our very last chance to see the ballet, so, drat the clothes, we "seized the day" and went! A French lady in velvet, satin and diamonds ejaculated, when she saw us, "*Quelle horreur!*" I did not even blush. *The Ballet Russe*

The ballet, with Karsavina and Massin as the *étoiles*, was the most gorgeous spectacle I ever dreamed of seeing. All Paris is mad over the new ballet, "Potiphar's Wife: The Legend of Joseph." Strauss wrote the music and Leon Bakst designed the costumes. It was a bizarre imagination that laid that old story in a Venetian Renaissance setting!

During the intermissions, we strolled about the magnificent corridors and stairways, which seemed artfully designed to set off the clothes of the women in such Parisian perfection. From the great loggia we looked down on Paris, spangled with lights and murmurous with autos and taxis, which were still flying in their mad helter-skelter over all the boulevards and avenues near the superb Place de l'Opéra. However, the city did not present such a dazzling sight, for instance, as New York. Most of the windows are darkly shuttered, and the electric signs are not so numerous or so amazing.

When the performance was over, our party assembled on the great stair. There were several professors from the University of Berlin, and some Polish girls,

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The Ballet Russe

who are studying philosophy at Zurich. So, with these people and *our* psychology professor, we started gayly out and walked through many strange, dark and crooked ways to Montmartre, where ragpickers were busy in the garbage.

A Famous Dance Hall in Montmartre

We came out of a dark street into a blaze of light, and in we all went through the glittering doorway of one of the most famous dance-halls of Paris. After the exquisite art of the Russian ballet it was rather a fall! We found a large hall encircled by balconies, a bar at one side, and tables arranged about an open space in the center for dancing. The whole place, a net-work of paper ribbons, was so brilliantly lighted it seemed afire, and as for the people, it was "on with the dance, let joy be unconfined!"

We found a table and watched the people and the dancing. Bettina's eyes were popping, and her little ears took in every word of the naughty things that were said by the saucy, chic girls in such clever French that we had to laugh. Our professors of psychology and students of philosophy no doubt made many interesting psychic discoveries, and they would still be sitting there, looking blandly about, if we had not made the move to leave. It was two o'clock and high time. A fantastic parade of artists' models was astonishing all beholders, and behind me a pert girl had seized a mild English-rector-looking person by his side whiskers and was saucily kissing the tip of his nose!

We took a taxi and on our way home drove down into the market, much to the fury of the drivers of the huge wagons filled with vegetables. The carrots made a fine showing, their points arranged symmetrically.

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Mont Blanc, Lifting Its Head Into the Heavens

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And to think I have seen all this before seeing the tomb of Napoleon! *A Famous Dance Hall in Montmartre*

Paris, June 10th

OVER A week in Paris, and aside from one afternoon at the Louvre we have spent most of the time glued to windows. I have seen so many "galleries," climbed so many towers, visited so many churches and tombs that it is pure bliss to dally along the Rue de le Paix and the Avenue de l'Opéra and obstruct the traffic on the sidewalk.

Madame Mottironi is in town now and we had luncheon with her today in the tea room at the Galleries Lafayette, one of the large department stores. Madame, who looked stunning in a black and white dress and a smart Georgette hat, bustled in, secured a desirable table by discreetly flirting with the waiter, ordered largely, and was more fascinatingly Parisian than any real Parisienne in the room. At this place one sees the type of Frenchwoman that corresponds to the type which lunches in such places at home. We have already been to many of the smart tea rooms like Rumplemeyer's, Colombin's, the Ritz, et cetera, which are patronized by the *beau monde* of Paris, rich Americans and titled Europeans visiting here. But at the Galleries one sees the great middle class. There is no woman in the world that equals the Frenchwoman when she is attractive and well dressed. She knows how to wear the simplest frock, just how to arrange her hair, and just the angle to cock her hat. She considers the chapeau the most important part of the costume, and it is a diverting entertainment to watch these women swarm about the hat *The Shops and Tea Rooms*

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The Shops and Tea Rooms

and fantasy counters. They select with the unerring instinct of the artist.

Madame had some sort of an appointment with "Mad-Morin," and as that lady was late, she sent Bettina to look for her.

"She will wear a hat with a yellow flower *très mal placée,*" said Madame, supremely satisfied with her own Georgette chapeau.

When Bettina returned, guiding a vision in a long, black *manteau* and white mitts, upon whose frizzed front rested a poke bonnet decorated with a large orange rose, I burst out laughing, for the yellow flower was, indeed, "very badly placed." "Mad-Morin" makes me think of Becky Sharp after she had fallen from the genteel world. She immediately inquired of me if "*Mees*" was still "*souffrante!*"

Sunday, June 14th

First Communion at Notre Dame

THIS morning we saw the fête of the first Communion at Notre Dame. All the little children of Paris were flitting through the streets like white butterflies, bound for one of the great churches. The girls, wearing wreaths and veils, and the boys, carrying candles, looked very young and innocent as the procession marched along the grey aisles, while the organ sent waves of sound through the Gothic arches and all the small choir boys shrilled away, the candle-light flickering over their open-mouthed little faces.

In the afternoon we drove in the lovely woodland dells and meadows of the Bois de Boulogne. Carriages, motors and taxis were flying about, and all the glades were dotted with people. We came back under the Arc de Triomphe and along the Champs Elysées, then left

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our carriage and walked down to the superb Place de la Concorde. This place always thrills me because of its beauty and because it was here that La Guillotine did her work. *First Communion at Notre Dame*

At dinner we met a charming friend of Magdalena's, who has just arrived for a visit with the little Polish sculptress. She is a middle-aged woman, speaks English perfectly, and is a translator of English novels. She is now at work on Mrs. Ward's "Coryston Family." I told her I was from California, and added that a noted compatriot of hers had lived near my home. *Polish Friends*

"Ah, yes," she said, "I know who you mean—Madame Modjeska."

I then told her how much Modjeska was beloved by everyone in my country, both as a woman and as a rare artist.

"Have you ever read her mémoires?' she asked.

"Yes."

"Do you remember the incident of the boy who shot himself because he and his comrades were expelled from school after having presented Modjeska with a bouquet at the theatre one night?"

I remembered the incident perfectly. These Polish high-school boys had been expelled because of the demonstration they had made in their admiration for the Polish artist. It meant that their education was absolutely at an end. One young patriot went home and shot himself, which so alarmed the authorities that they permitted the other boys to return to school.

"Indeed I do remember," I exclaimed. "It was a terrible thing!"

"That boy," replied the lady in the hard tone she

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Polish Friends always used in speaking of the wrongs of her country, "that boy was my little brother, the only son — it broke my mother's heart."

June 17th

The Great Storm "DISASTROUS Storm in Paris! Deluge of Rain! Streets Caved In! Many Lives Lost!" Have you read some such headlines in the papers this morning, and are you wondering if I have floated off in the sewers of Paris?

Never were maidens more forlorn than we, after a three-hour tramp through the streets. We were at the Galleries Lafayette when the storm began at half past five with such a terrific crack of thunder that everyone screamed. The downpour of rain on the roof was like the roar of guns.

"We'll take a taxi," we all chorused nonchalantly, pushing our way through the crowd to the sidewalk. But we did *not* take a taxi, and were almost drowned in our three-hour wandering effort to find one.

A million other people were doing the same thing. Before all the large stores and cafés there was a riot fighting for the taxis and carriages as they drew up to the curb to deposit fares, most of whom were seeking dinners. These people had to struggle to get out of the vehicle, and this being accomplished, fifty others would try to climb into it, only to find it already occupied by some strategists who had captured it by a flank attack on the opposite side. Everyone was screaming with laughter, even those beaten in this way.

We saw there was no chance for us, so we decided to walk over to the Madeleine and take a 'bus. I was the only one who carried an umbrella, and as Talitha and I were wearing our best street costumes, we walked under

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Touraine, Where Limpid Rivers Slip Along by Poplar Roads

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its flimsy shelter, with Miss Fairbury on one side and Bettina leading, defenseless in the rain. She wore a hat made of ribbon and wreaths of flowers, which slowly dissolved among her dripping curls. Her suit was soaked, her shoes clumped with water, and she was about the drowned-rattiest small person ever seen. The cherries on Miss Fairbury's hat began to mildew; Talitha's, being of a different variety, burst and oozed gummy insides; and the smart numidies on my hat drooped down in my eyes. *The Great Storm*

A girl, whose umbrella was turned inside out, danced by us, and called to Bettina, *"Pauvre petite mademoiselle!* Come under my sheltering wing!" Bettina caught her arm and they zig-zagged on under that absurd covering.

We walked far down the deserted avenue to meet the 'bus, which failed to appear. Finally a man hailed us:

"Mesdames, you will walk all night to meet the 'bus. There is a huge hole in the street and the 'buses are not running."

We stopped aghast. I suddenly discovered that my shoes were pulp. Just then an empty cab drove by. We mobbed the driver, but the wretch refused to take us, in spite of frantic beseeching, and although he was "very much desolated."

What to do! We turned back and walked down the Rue Royale and the Rue de Rivoli, and just as the funny was wearing off and the serious beginning to show through, we took shelter in the doorway of a small hotel, as a taxi drew up to the curb. A man got out and we made a rush for it, and thanks to the porter, we were at last able to go home.

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The Great Storm

We are not dry yet. Bettina's hat will soon be dug out of the garbage by some old crone, and Talitha's cherry crop has been cast aside. She wore her hat quite nude to the city this morning, bought gardenias and sewed them on, much to the amusement of the women in the dressing-room of the Galleries, who watched the determined young milliner.

June 20th

WE HAVE moved. Our two weeks' taste of Bohemia was enough, particularly when the storm made us realize how far away it is from everything. So we have said adieu to the Panthéon, to the Luxembourg and to the Cluny Museum, and have left the "bring-the-child-to-the-old-hag's-cellar-at-midnight" street. We are now on the "carriage-waits-below-my-lord" side of the river.

Our French Menage

A delightful lady, Madame Fombaron, has taken us in. She has a small apartment, on a pleasant street, with just room enough for the five of us, and the *bonne*, Marie-Anne. It is like our own menage. We each have a room, there is an attractive "salon," and a little *salle-a-manger*, where we eat delicious meals, cooked by sturdy Marie-Anne, gossip in French with Madame, who does not speak English, and watch the love-making of the little parrakeets in a wicker cage. Madame calls them "*les inséparables*," and it is an excellent name. The tiny lady is a bad scold, but Monsieur Caudle just blinks his eyes and kisses her in reply.

With our moving we cast aside our Latin Quarter procrastination, and are really sight-seeing. We began with the Conciergerie, after having secured a permit from the Prefect of Police. The great prison, with its pepper-

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pot towers, is most imposing, and oh, what woe its walls have held! *Our French Mènage*

When I stepped into the cell of the queen, a dank, stone place where, without an instant of privacy, Marie Antoinette spent the seventy-nine days before her death, I thought of a dream I had as a child. A headless woman was running frantically across a stone terrace, flanked by flowering urns. Voices were screaming, "Marie Antoinette! Marie Antoinette!" In her outstretched hands she held her head and the face was *mine!* Quite a dream for a "flapper"! At the time I firmly believed myself to be a reincarnation of the unhappy lady, but Grandmother said, to my utter disgust, "Too much mince pie!" *The Conciergerie*

We were glad to leave the haunting horrors of the Conciergerie and step into the heart of a glowing purple ruby — the upper chapel of St. Louis' Sainte Chapelle, with its marvelous thirteenth century glass.

June 22d

We have spent all our spare moments at the steamship offices, trying to arrange our passage home, and, as we are late, everything desirable for four, and sailing the last of August, is taken. At last, in desperation we have been obliged to take a stateroom with bath on the steamship "New York" of the American line. It is a second-class mail steamer running between Cherbourg, Southampton and New York. I know it will be horrid, but it was the best we could do.

Yesterday we went to Versailles. It seems to me absolutely what a royal residence should be in beauty, magnificence and grandeur. I loved the Watteauesque views of the park from all the great windows — huge foun- *Versailles*

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Versailles

tains, statues, dusky allées, and long, superb vistas lined by forests and carpeted with grass and pools ending, seemingly, at the horizon.

All the white and gold, the brocade and the tapestries, the mirrors and the paintings, failed to interest me as did these glimpses of the park, and also the brown French soldier boys in their baggy blue and red uniforms, who gazed rapt at the historical paintings in the vast corridors. They were usually in groups, red hands clasped behind their backs, and their honest young faces flushed and eager as they looked at the stirring scenes of French history. They were probably descendants of the "deluge" that Louis XV truthfully predicted would follow him. And now vast Versailles belonged to them, and their muddy boots walked the floors trod by satin slippers.

It seemed so strange that these French farmer boys, serving their time in the army, and three American girls from across the world, should see together the bed-chamber in which Louis XIV died — wise old Louis, who had his apartments in the center of the palace so that he could see everyone who came and went — and the blue boudoir of Marie Antoinette, where she spent the most intimate moments with her family. The curiosity of the boys, as they looked into the tiny, dainty nest opening from her state bed-chamber, was naive and childlike.

"C'est gentille, n'est-çe-pas?" said one, as he bent over the embroidered casket which had contained the Dauphin's clothes, *"C'est une jolie petite chose pour un bébé!"*

All afternoon we wandered about the park, the

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hameau, and the Trianons, and when we took the tram at six I suddenly discovered that I was very tired. We had been on our feet the entire day, not once sitting down, or eating anything but stale chocolate. Glittering Paris and Madame's warm rooms seemed comfortably homey after such a day of grandeur. *Versailles*

We have devoured Paris in large gulps lately. We have been to St. Denis to see the fine Gothic cathedral where the French kings are buried; we have climbed the tower of Notre Dame to have a closer acquaintance with the gargoyles; and we have visited the salon in the Grand Palais, where we saw miles of pictures, tons of marbles, and walked, walked, walked!

June 25th

THIS WEEK has been very Napoleonic. Monday we went up the river to Saint Cloud, and after a walk in the park we had tea at a smart place near the entrance. We were highly entertained by a couple at the next table. He wiped her mouth after she had finished her tea, and then kindly rouged her cheeks! *Saint Cloud*

It was lovely coming back on the river in the evening, the wooded banks melting away into the great bridges, and at last the broad boulevards of the city.

We spent all of Tuesday afternoon at the Invalides. It rather depressed me, for after we had seen the Emperor's imposing tomb, where a crowd of little French schoolboys leaning over the rail looked like the unborn children in "The Blue Bird," as the strange, blue light fell on their pale, nervous faces, we went into the barrack-like museum. It made me want to cry. The man and his soul had gone to join the "innumerable cara- *Les Invalides*

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Les Invalides

van," but the knife he carried in his pocket, his hat and coat remain to tickle the curiosity of new generations. Life seemed so short and its most spectacular achievements so futile. I thought of the words engraved over the entrance of the crypt and they were wistful:

"Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine au milieu de ce peuple Français que j'ai tant aimé!"

We were all so solemn that we decided to seek enlivenment. So we drove to "Kardovah," in the Rue de Rivoli, and had a large, cheering cup of tea, while we watched a bold, black-eyed American trying desperately to flirt with some pretty French women.

The next morning we went to Malmaison, in the pretty village of Rueil. It touched me more than I can say, for it is so near our time and saw the happiest days of two famous people, and the most sorrowful ones, too. Josephine lived here after her divorce and died, and Napoleon bade farewell to his family in the laurel *allée* under the copper beeches, before starting to St. Helena.

Historical ghosts and woes of dead monarchs tired us, so this afternoon we drove in the Bois as the crowd was returning from the Drag at Longchamps. All smart Paris was rolling along the boulevard, and all the rest of the city seemed to be seated in iron chairs on the sidewalks to watch the gay procession. In the midst of the *dernier cri* of Parisian swank we whetted our appetites for the Grand Prix next Sunday.

June 26th

Victor Hugo's Old Home

WE HAVE had a jolly day at Victor Hugo's old home and at Chantilly. The relics of Monsieur Hugo were not

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at all depressing; in fact, they were so whimsical I had to laugh. He lived in a red brick house in the Place des Vosges, which was once a chic part of Paris. The walls of the rooms were covered with pictures, most of them painted by Hugo himself, and developed from a blot of ink with salt, lamp soot, pepper and tobacco! The effect was bizarre, to say the least. *Victor Hugo's Old Home*

Times have not changed, for in those days they were having charity bazaars, as we do now, and Hugo had made a unique table that his wife had given to some such affair. Fastened into the top were four ink-wells, pens and autographs—Victor Hugo's, George Sand's, Dumas' and Lamartine's. Hugo used an elegant wrought iron well and a white quill pen. George Sand wrote Madame Hugo that the only thing she could find was a battered ink horn she used when traveling, and with it she sent her matchbox, because she was such an inveterate smoker. Dumas' was a common ink bottle and a three-sou pen. He wrote facetiously, "With this pen and this ink bottle I swear that I wrote my last fifteen or twenty volumes!" And Lamartine's well was a pink and gold bonbon box. Be tranquil, I shall not stop to philosophize over these trifles, although they inspire all sorts of thoughts!

We ate a lunch of *gateaux* in a bakery near the hotel which was the birthplace of Madame de Sévigné. A very clean baker and his wife kept the shop, with its long sticks of bread standing on end against racks in the windows. After we had eaten our cakes and watched a small boy saunter off with a loaf as tall as himself, we went back to the little park in the Place des Vosges. We rested under the trees and watched the people. There

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Victor Hugo's Old Home

were workingmen, nursemaids, bow-legged children, artists, and near us an old hag who gnawed a large hunk of bread. She also took snuff, which she dug out of a horrible old pocket, and then she would look about her with the most killing, agonized expression on her face.

Chantilly

All the long, bright afternoon we passed in the lovely chateau and park of Chantilly. Talitha spent her money buying bread to feed the carp in the moat. The water was thick with the hoary, hideous things, and swimming over their backs and fighting them frantically for the bread were perky, bobbing ducks.

June 28th

Vive la gloire et l'élégance de Paris! I have had a glorious day and have been in the thick of the most important event of the Parisian season — the Grand Prix at Longchamps. It far exceeded my wildest dream, a perfect afternoon, a beautiful place, and the brilliant *beau monde* of the continent and America.

The Grand Prix at Longchamps

We went into the *pesage* at one o'clock. The place was charming, a beautiful garden of flowers and trees in the midst of which were several fine buildings. All the iron stairways, balconies and windows were bordered with flowers. We entered these elegant grand-stands from the race-track side and secured fine places. It was absorbingly interesting to watch the people arrive, directed by the handsomely uniformed police.

Beyond the grand-stands and the broad graveled space where everyone walked was the course of clipped turf, like velvet, and marked off by neat white fences. It enclosed a grassy field, dotted with trees, betting booths and bright red pavilions. The entire place was encircled

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The Grand Prix at Longchamps

by the shimmering wood of the Bois, broken by gaps among the trees, showing vistas of lakes and forests. And over all stretched the cloudless sky, misty blue, of La Belle France.

How the crowds poured in! The avenues of the Bois skirting Longchamps were black with machines like a squirming mass of beetles. Troupes of splendid mounted police in blue and red uniforms and glittering helmets flashed in and out among the beetles and made them behave themselves. Hordes of people streamed into the great field enclosed by the track — autos, taxis, limousines and coaches darting about helter-skelter. Before the races began this place was a swarm of humanity, and the gay parasols, dresses and betting pavilions made it look like some strange, mammoth, Oriental carpet.

But, oh, the people on our side of the course! Such clothes were never dreamed of. The men all looked like Victorian dandies, and the women — words fail! There was everything from ball gowns to street costumes, from tulle and chiffon to serge and gabardine. The manikins from the great houses were wearing the latest creations of the *couturières*, and all the smartest were strolling about, whether a Paquin model or a Russian princess.

We had ample time to observe all this elegance, for the six races came at long intervals during the afternoon. And such races — the jockeys in white satin knickers and gay-colored blouses, flying on magnificent horses over the velvety course, and watched by thousands of marvelously dressed people, against a background of flower-wreathed grand-stands, the Bois framing it all!

The Grand Prix was the fourth race, and came about five o'clock. When the jockeys at last made the start a

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The Grand Prix at Longchamps

long-drawn "Ah!" rose from the crowd, and a thrill began at my toes and ran up to the roots of my hair! There was a wild surging among the bettors in the field beyond the course. The air snapped with excitement. The horses with their blue, green, red and black-clothed jockeys sped over the track. We could see them all the way around, the one that secured first place at the start still leading on the home stretch. But just at the end, the blue and yellow jockey on "Sardanapole," owned by Baron M. de Rothschild, shot ahead and won, most spectacularly, the Grand Prix of 300,000 francs. And that mammoth Oriental carpet began to squirm and toss about as if it were moved by a great wind!

After the Grand Prix we left the stand and went into the garden, where all the smartest were looking at the horses. The "casses" were stationed here, and the people were getting their money. Just at this time Monsieur le Président and Madame Poincaré rode away in a splendid carriage. He has a fine face and she is a beautiful woman, and was dressed in white. I looked back at the buildings and was amazed at the effectiveness of the sight I saw — the broad, branching stair, hydrangea-bordered, was crowded with men in shining top-hats, and there was not a woman among them. It looked like a chorus in a light opera!

We walked through the Bois, where the other kind of Parisians had come to gaze upon the *chic monde* on its way to and from the races, and followed the cool, woodland paths to Pré Catalan. Here, in this sylvan spot in the heart of the Bois, we had tea. Then we found a carriage and rode in the midst of an imposing crush down the Avenue Bois de Boulogne, past the Arc de

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Triomphe and on down the grand Champs Elysées. The sidewalks were lined with people in chairs, watching *us!* *The Grand Prix at Longchamps*

The Grand Prix at Paris! Figure-to-yourself, I have seen it!

June 30th

YESTERDAY we spent the day at Fontainebleau, and after lunching on the sidewalk at a little café, and seeing the chateau, we drove through the great forest. For a lark, we went out third class, although a solicitous guard at the station highly disapproved. The other people in our compartment were a sturdy countryman, his wife and his starched baby girl, who looked askance at us out of the corner of her eyes. The man was deeply interested in a paper which told of the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand and his wife, of Austria. How terrible! Poor old Franz Josef has been bereft, one by one, of all his dearest. *Last Days in Paris*

This afternoon, after a charming performance at the Théâtre Français, we went to tea at the Ritz. Tea was served in a walled garden and the crowd was mostly French and very chic.

Madame Fombaron had an interesting friend for luncheon today, Monsieur Duval de M. He is a writer and a composer. There was a discussion about the Germans. Madame flamed and spoke bitterly.

"Calm yourself, Matilde," said her friend. "Mark my word, the day of the Teuton is at hand!"

Madame shuddered. "God forbid," said she.

Alas, our Paris sojourn is ended.

Down at Vevey a few weeks ago, while walking through the narcissus meadows with dear J. and her

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Last Days in Paris

charming German husband, the latter remarked somewhat impatiently anent my enthusiastic anticipation of Paris: "You Americans all adore that noisy city."

"Of course we do!" I replied sharply, wondering myself about the wherefore. Now I know. Perhaps it is because of an intangible something that can not be clearly described, like the bloom on a plum or "that damned charm" Barrie talks about. But I think we love it because the essence of the French spirit—that high, valiant, unconquerable verve—concentrates and flowers in this city so beloved by the French soul.

Adieu, proud, beautiful Paris.

. . On laisse un peu de soi-même
En toute heure et dans tout lieu.

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CHAPTER X.
TOURAINE AND BELGIUM.

Tours,
July 4, 1914

NO popping firecrackers here in sleepy Tours. This big house stands in a high-walled garden, and the only sounds I hear are the wind in the trees and an occasional tinkle of the musical little bell on the garden gate. The bell is pulled by a string with a shining brass handle, and above it on tall posts two urns drip flowers.

Blois

We stopped at Blois on our way through lovely Touraine, where limpid rivers slip along by winding poplar-lined roads, where red poppies and blue cornflowers grow in the hay fields, and pepper-pot chateau towers rise from all the green hilltops. We climbed about the crooked streets, one of them called "The Fists of the King," and spent a long time in the chateau, so full of memories of Catherine de Medici, François Premier, various Henrys and the Duc de Guise, who was "*encore plus grand mort que vivant.*"

The Chateaux of the Loire

Yesterday we had an idyllic day riding through the green valley of the Loire to visit six of the loveliest chateaux in France. I loved the ruined towers of Chinon, for here Richard Coeur de Lion died and Jeanne d'Arc first met the French King. There were Vilandrie, and Azay-le-Rideau girded by its limpid moat; Rigny-Ussé, a setting par excellence for a modern French romance; deserted Luynes on its high hill; and Langeais, where sheep were feeding in the grassy moat, and the chate-

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The Chateaux of the Loire

laine had to scurry from room to room at our approach. *Ai mé!* I have longed for a castle in Spain, a *castello* in Italy; but now, *donnez-moi* a chateau in France!

Tours, July 7th

SUNDAY we spent the morning poking about Tours, and found some fascinating streets and houses. Tristan the Hermit, the hangman of Louis XI, lived in a dark stone house down a narrow alley. This original chap stuck a nail into the courtyard walls for every man he hanged. We climbed a cork-screw stair, off of which opened several crazy garrets with tiny windows looking out upon the steep roofs of other old houses. Most of the windows were bright with flower boxes, and usually an old cat sat dozing on the ledge.

Loches

After lunch we went to Loches, a quaint little town built around its castle. This was a favorite haunt of sly old Louis XI, who "perfected" its dungeons until they were altogether horrible. We made the trip third class, *pour le sport!* And it *was* sport. When we returned we got into a compartment with a nice old peasant woman in her stiff white coif, and with a young man, who had a violin. The old woman soon left us and three jovial but very rough fishermen clambered in. They carried long bamboo poles, nets and many baskets and buckets of fish, which smelt to the skies. It rained violently, and as the roof leaked, we all had to snuggle together—poles, fish, fishermen and musician! Of course, Talitha's eyes were dancing in their maddening way, and the dimples about Bettina's red mouth were flashing. This inspired the nimrods to all sorts of antics. They kept

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jumping up to look out of the window as we passed along the river, and explained that they were looking for a comrade, who was such an indefatigable sportsman that he would crack holes in the ice to fish. They yelled at every man they saw on the bank. *Loches*

Yesterday we rode out to Chenonceaux, which Henry II gave to Diane of Poitiers. We walked about a kilometer through the fields to the chateau. It was lovely to be wandering just as we pleased through the farms and woods of Touraine, all the grain fields ripe and gay with poppies, and little field mice running about in the hedgerows. It was so quiet and peaceful and sweet; and the only people we passed were old peasant women carrying babies, and driving cows. *Chenonceaux*

We sat under the fine trees at the chateau gates, and ate our lunch. A puppy that belonged to the concierge made friends with us. He was like a little fox, although he had all the "Latin charm" of a true Frenchman. Bettina wove him a collar of cornflowers and poppies in which he looked bewitching, but, strange as it may seem, he detested it.

We spent a long, languorous afternoon wandering about the great park of Chenonceaux; lying on the grass at the river's edge under roses that may have clutched at Diane's sweeping skirts; and watching the green eddies of the Cher as it purled softly about the towers of the chateau.

I feel as if some of the limpidity of these Touraine rivers has slipped into my soul.

In the evening, when we walked back through the village, we stopped at a funny little shop with a funny little bell and bought barley sugar, *sucre d'orge*, of a

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Chenonceaux funny old woman. Then we rambled on over the hills in the sunset.

Brussels,
July 9, 1914

HAPPY LITTLE Belgium! I have never seen fields so rich in crops, so rolling and so peaceful; and all the people have smiling faces and seem very prosperous. This is surely a land of plenty and of secure contentment.

Bits of Flemish Life We have just witnessed two extremes of life—a funeral in the grand old church of Sainte Gudule, and a wedding at the Hotel de Ville. Black and candles shrouded the bier at the Cathedral; white and candles were the symbols in the tapestry-hung hall at the Hotel de Ville. A droning mass put the finis to the one; the crack of a coachman's be-ribboned whip and a dash into the sunny Grand Place began the adventure for the other. "Good fortune attend both," say I.

As we walked home I felt that someone was looking at me. I glanced up, and in one of the windows of a large house I saw a little mirror attached to the sill, so that all the street life was reflected into the room beyond. Nearly every house in Brussels has this device, hence curiosity is very *comme il faut.*

We are staying with a slender, calm-faced Belgian girl, who manages a little pension for her old aunt, in a tall, majestic, silent house on a silent boulevard. It fronts the stone-paved street with a blank façade, but in the rear there is a friendly little garden, surrounded by similar gardens of similar tall houses.

We were sent here by the friends we made in Tours; dears all, three old-maid sisters, skillfully bossing an

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Bruges is Like an Old, Old Etching

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old bachelor brother—Ella, Aggie, Sally and Dick. Sally was our favorite, plump, near-sighted, with a wide mouth, a speck of a nose, blunt manners and a big, big heart. She especially insisted that we should come here and stay with Mademoiselle N. and her white-capped aunt. They have helped us to become acquainted with the Belgium capitol, and we have walked over the splendid boulevards, and through the dark, winding streets in the old part of the city. *Bits of Flemish Life*

We came upon the famous Grand Place with its fine medieval Hotel de Ville, encircled by the beautiful old Guild Halls of the Mercers, the Skippers, the Archers, the Tailors, the Grease-merchants and the Bakers, on flower-market day. The late afternoon sun streamed down upon the great square, gilding the richly carved buildings, below which the flower stalls flamed in brilliant color. The Flemish peasant women hovered over them like ungainly moths, and the Flemish dogs, hitched in their carts, waited patiently nearby for the homeward trip to the farms at night.

I stood in the doorway of one of the Guild Halls, touched by the beauty and by the tranquillity of the scene—the ancient buildings, symbolizing time and man's amazing art, the lovely flowers that had bloomed to gladden and to fade, and the patient old women who had brought them into being. . . . . The world ought to be a happy place, when it is so grand, so great, and, yes —so good.

After we had driven over the boulevards of this beautiful "Petit Paris," as it is called, and had seen the Beaux Arts, the parks, King Albert's palace and the great Palais de Justice, we went out to Waterloo. It was

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Bits of Flemish Life

a pretty ride through villages and shadowy woodlands and pleasant farms.

Waterloo

The Belgians have erected a huge monument on the field of Waterloo. It is a conical mound of earth two hundred feet high, and is surmounted by a bronze lion cast from French cannon. From the top one can see the entire field of battle, from the farm, La Belle Alliance, to the terrible sunken road, *chemin creux*, just below. We could also see the place where the Old Guard was driven back, and at the spot where they lost most heavily the French have erected a bronze eagle with a broken wing and a gash over its heart. It is called "Wounded Unto Death." The grand Vieux Garde, the flower of the French army, who had been with Napoleon in all his battles, and who justly believed themselves invincible, cried as they fell, "The Old Guard dies but does not surrender!"

In the peaceful green fields we looked down upon, fifty thousand men were buried. Is it not too awful to think of! But those barbarous times of war are passed forever, thanks to Napoleon's unlucky day, which began with bad weather.

And now, heigh-ho for Holland!

Bruges,
July 17, 1914

A Garden in Bruges

I AM sitting in a pretty garden with many tea tables, bay trees in tubs, and hedges of hydrangeas. We are resting after our busy days at Antwerp and in Holland. It is so hot that I wish I were floating again through the canals to the Isle of Marken, or were driving out to Scheveningen from The Hague. Everyone has had tea; a painter is daubing under a bush, and the only excite-

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ment of the long afternoon occurred when the cat caught a little bird which he had frightened out of its nest.

A Garden in Bruges

We came to this inn — one of vaunted quaintness — by chance. It has an adorable garden and a mute, romance-provoking entrance. But it also has mosquitoes and a rat that indefatigably explores the walls at night. We take turns in pounding his route with an umbrella. Many kinds of people are summering here — sort of human junk, like the things in the old rooms, some of it interesting, and some of it woefully common. But what care we how strange they be when all the atmosphere of a romance by Hewlett surrounds us; when the Lac d'Amour with its swans and paddling children is just over the way; when there are belfries to climb; Memlings to see; old streets to explore; and, of course, old churches to visit.

Yesterday we sailed over the canals in a motor-boat, with four art student girls who are traveling on scholarships from Philadelphia. They are so meager, so poor, so ambitious, and they look half starved as if they were economizing on the food end of expense. They are all bound, tomorrow, for the heart of Germany. Inexplicably I feel that disaster waits them, and I long to say: "Oh, do remain here in the safe dark ages!"

Bruges is like an old, old etching, with the same dim lights and shadows, and the same uneven lines. It is an enchanting medieval town that has let the years slip over it without ever growing modern. It seems asleep, the houses, the towers, the bridges, the canals flowing by flowering walls, and even the swans that drift upon the water.

However, there was one thing, or rather person, who was so wide awake that our pocket-books are decidedly

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A Garden in Bruges

thinner because of her. She was a sixteen year old flibertigibbet with a magnificent mop of reddish curls, who proved to be a *vendeuse merveilleuse*. She saw us looking at the windows of her lace shop, and forthwith she dashed out, dragged us in and *sold* us four exquisite lace collars, which we had not dreamed of buying—we, who are such seasoned evaders of importunate salesfolk!

This is our last day in this bronze-brown old place. Tomorrow, from Ostend, we embark for Old England.

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CHAPTER XI.
WE ENCOUNTER LONDON.

London
July 18, 1914

YESTERDAY afternoon at five o'clock a "four-wheeler" careened through the bedlam of Piccadilly Circus, Regent Street and Oxford Circus. Three heads bobbed about at the windows. All the magnificent London police saw them and became suspicious: "Suffragettes with bombs in their handbags, perhaps? Ah, no, only Americans!" And the four-wheeler rolled on unmolested, stopping at the door of a sober house, Mrs. Tibbs', in Portman Square. *Arrival in Portman Square*

Of course you are utterly mystified as to the identity of the occupants of the four-wheeler — they were no others than the renowned travelers, Bettina, Talitha and "ye scribe." The reputation of the Channel failed to materialize. It was as placid as Lake Como, so we arrived in England absolutely fit.

When we crossed the Thames and I saw the towers of Parliament and Westminster Abbey wreathed in smoke and faintly tinted by a struggling sun, I thrilled — Old London Town — *Anglo-Saxon* — mine own people!

At Mrs. Tibbs' we were greeted by a sleek butler, a spotless maid and a concise woman who proved to be the housekeeper. She informed us that Miss Fairbury, who parted from us in Paris, had arrived, and she seemed deeply grieved thereby.

"Really, you know," she said, "Miss Fairbury is most

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Arrival in Portman Square

uncertain. She came a day before we expected her. Really she is most upsetting. Mrs. Tibbs insists that guests should arrive and depart exactly at the time agreed upon."

English system and habit! Mrs. Tibbs has many jolts coming to her via Miss Fairbury.

This place is delightfully reposeful and calm, and it is perfectly managed. The rooms are pleasant, and echo fascinatingly with the dull roar of London. One can have a bath simply by stepping into the bathroom and turning the faucet. On the continent a bath was an event. And the meals — why, we have *bacon* and *sausage* for breakfast!

The first thing this morning we streaked for our mail, and rode through the heart of the city on one of the fascinating double-decked 'buses. We scramble for the front top seat, and it is like riding on an elephant — jerk, sway, stop — bang, rush. The traffic is tremendous; everything rolls along to the left, and stops, starts and moves at a tiny sign from the police.

We ended the morning at Liberty's, and I foresee that much time will be spent at that delectable place.

Talitha and I have had a nice tea dishabille. The maid tried to persuade us to go to the drawing-room. "There's a beautiful tea down there, Miss," she said. She looks like the person who flips a duster about at the beginning of the first act.

Here are some *English kisses* — farewell to French *baises* and Italian *bacios!*

London, July 21st

WE HAVE spent the afternoon at — "Westminster Ab-

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bey!" you exclaim feelingly — no, at Madame Tussaud's Wax Works in Marylebone. We saw all the figures from the first English kings to Madame Caillaux. We also saw a cinema depicting cowboys that never lived on mountain or plain, but the British audience was delighted with them, and they made us feel so patriotic we scarcely restrained the eagle from screaming. *First London Days*

Well, London has won my heart. I love everything, even the names of the streets. Sunday afternoon, after a "beautiful tea," we went "busing," as we call it. I have a sneaking feeling that if all of us had our wish we would do nothing else! The conductor thought we were crazy as none of us knew where we were going. We simply told him that we wanted to ride "tuppence worth!" He looked at us appalled.

We went out to Shepherd's Bush because we liked the name. I wanted to go to Wormwood Scrubs, but Bettina refused. There were no bushes or shepherds at Shepherd's Bush, so we changed our course and rode away down to Westminster.

It is a grand and noble view that one has of Westminster and the Abbey from the embankment. It was a grey, dull evening, as all of them here seem to be, and the sky was streaked fantastically with gold and crimson tatters. In this part of the city the grandeur and mightiness of the nation impresses one irresistibly. London is the grandest city I have seen, Paris the most beautiful, and Rome — well, it is just Rome, the Mistress of the World!

The suffragettes have succeeded in terrorizing London to such an extent that everything, except the Abbey, the Tower and the British Museum, is closed tighter *The Suffragettes*

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The Suffragettes

than the old drum. We are so disappointed, even Talitha, who likes to ascend the stump, and who buys "The Suffragette" from the pale women who sell these papers on the sidewalks right under the noses of indignant Bobbies.

Mrs. Tibbs (dare I call her our landlady?) an imposing, grey-haired dame who smells of lavender, and who sits in seclusion in a very handsome room which is all that is left of her former affluence, accosted one of these determined paper venders.

"My good woman," said she, "if you ceased this nonsense and went home and took a bath, the sane members of your sex would feel less disgraced."

"My good woman," replied the paper seller, "your advice is ill-advised. I am Lady Somethingorother."

We decided to begin with the Tower. At the entrance gates a battalion of police and costumed retainers made us stand and deliver our pocketbooks, handbags, umbrellas, in fact everything in which a bomb, a meataxe or a file might be concealed.

From here we went to the British Museum to get an application for admittance. If a woman is accompanied by a male person who will vouch for her behavior, she may enter the Museum. Otherwise she must take her card to some resident of London who is willing to sign for her conduct. Mrs. Tibbs has done so for us.

While we were waiting for our cards a handsome woman and her small boy stepped up to the desk.

"Young man," said the pompous individual in spectacles, who wielded the pen of authority, "will you vouch for your mother's behavior?"

The small boy wiggled his feet and looked blank.

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"The gentleman means, dear," explained the lady, "that he wants you to promise that you will prevent mother from breaking up these old things any more than they are broken already." *The Suffragettes*

This is either a joke or a pathetic tale, it depends on the point of view!

After we were permitted to enter the place we were so closely watched by the police and the guards that all our pleasure was spoiled. I leaned so long over the manuscript cases that the guards called for reinforcements. The letters of England's great ones fascinated me: Charles I. writing his father and calling him "Deare Dad and Gossipe"; his mother cautioning him to "take his physic"; caustic letters of Elizabeth; a description of the execution of Mary Stuart, telling how "she went about it very quietly, and lay very still, making very little noise"; and how her little dog was found lying in her skirts and would not leave her, "but lay between her head and shoulders after the deed was done." *The British Museum*

Do not be alarmed, I am not going to describe the British Museum, except to say that we were almost put out because we disgraced ourselves in the mummy room. There is a wonderful collection of Egyptian mummies, and when we suddenly came upon a case of mummified cats, we howled to the consternation of all the guards within hearing! Those cats were the drollest things I ever saw, and had the cockiest expressions.

July 22d

WHEN WE arrived at Westminster Abbey this morning a service was in progress, so we took a stroll. We walked *Westminster Abbey*

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Westminster Abbey

up Bird-cage Walk to Buckingham Palace and back by way of the Mall. There was a change of guard at the Palace and the splendid men in their scarlet and silver and shining helmets seemed a fitting symbol of the pomp and power of the nation, which is so apparent in this quarter, where the spires and towers of the great buildings dominate all the avenues.

The service was ended when we reached the Abbey. My soul was taken up into the mysterious grandeur of the lofty arches, but I disliked the statues and fat cherubs attitudinizing on the noble Gothic walls. However, the tombs of the kings are beautiful. In the Henry VII chapel is the tomb of Margaret, his mother, Duchess of Richmond, who died in 1549. She provided in her will for the weekly benefit of forty widows, and every Saturday morning from that time until this, forty widows of the parish of Westminster have received a pound and a half of beef, a loaf of bread and a tuppence. Blessed be the name of Margaret!

This afternoon we went to His Majesty's Theatre to see Sir Herbert Tree and Mrs. Patrick Campbell in Shaw's new play, "Pygmalion." It was very Shawish and full of unexpectedness. We had tea served, just for fun. After the second act one of the pretty girl ushers brought each of us a dainty tray, and we sat in our seats and partook of a perfect tea.

July 25th

Hampton Court

HAMPTON COURT on a sunny English summer day! The red walls rose warmly from the gardens of bright English flowers fringing the glades and woodlands of a

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deer park; the shining river slipped along between green banks where house-boats, half hidden in trellises of pink roses, were moored; four blithe Yankees sniffed the perfumed breeze, and four stone lions and unicorns, sitting on their haunches guarding the moat, stuck out their saucy tongues at the Yankees. *Hampton Court*

We went through Cardinal Wolsey's old palace like a chain of convicts, policemen at the head, rear and sides of the procession. We had to keep together and could not linger to look at things, so I have only a hazy idea of the place. Finally we were turned loose in the lovely park, where we were free to wander.

Talitha was determined to explore the maze and, as "united we stand and divided we fall," in an evil moment we walked into the trap. Then followed madness. Each had her own idea of the way to escape and we argued until we were breathless, while Talitha, looking like a young bacchante as she streamed along, her black hair flying about her flaming cheeks, and her body reeling with laughter, led us hither and yon.

"Talitha!" gasped Miss Fairbury, "stop! I shall ask the gatekeeper to climb his lookout tower and tell us how to get out of this ridiculous place."

"Don't you dare," screamed Talitha, "I'll take you out of this myself." And off she dashed, and would be dashing yet had not Commandante Bettina captured the mænad and calmly led us out.

"Had a bit of a time of it, didn't ye now," said the old gatekeeper as we passed by.

Talitha glared at him. She can not bear that mere man should surpass her in any undertaking whatsoever, and is in constant terror lest we be imposed upon.

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Hampton Court

We were all so spent we sought rest and tea in the rustic arbors of "Ye Olde Grey Hound," and watched the deer under the magnificent elms and horse chestnuts of Bushy Park.

"Just the same," said Talitha as she brushed her hair that night, "if you had followed me I'd have taken you to the center and out again."

"Zut!" came from the curls on Bettina's pillow, "you led us straight into nowhere!"

Sunday, July 26th

Temple Bar

THIS MORNING we went to the Temple Church. Chancery Lane, Fleet Street, Temple Bar, how I love those names! Friday, when we arrived at the church in the Inner Temple, we found a large party of women standing in the portico and looking longingly in, whilst their husbands, sons, et cetera, were leisurely wandering through the Gothic aisles and among the effigies of Knights Templar. Never did men look so important as these with their noses in the air and their hands in the pockets of their glorified trousers. A slovenly charwoman closed the door in our faces. "Stand back, loidies," said she, "you can't come in here."

So we wandered about Brick Court, Elm Court, Pump Court and King's Bench Walk among the vine-covered buildings. The wigmaker, who sat at work in a dingy little shop with large-paned windows, told us we could see the Inner Temple Hall, but the beautiful old Middle Temple Hall was closed to ladies. We went into the former place just as the tables were being set for lunch.

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Temple Bar

It is here that the barristers "eat their dinners." Then we walked around to the terrace to see the exterior of Middle Temple Hall.

A sharp-faced guard with waxed mustaches spoke to us and was most sympathetic over our predicament in being women. He conceived a bright idea which he consented to impart to us, "If," said he, "ye'll swair ye aint suffragits." We swore!

"Now next Sunday," whispered our conspirator, "you come here to church. Just walk in nateral loike not looking at anyboidy. Then, after the servoices the barristers all come over here to the Hall with their loidies. Ye follow along with the crowd just as if ye belonged and go right in."

This morning we followed his instructions to the letter. We arrived at the begrimed old Temple gate before eleven, walked boldly into the church and were quite unnoticed in the crowd of worshipers. We sat at the mailed feet of the Knights, who lay in pious attitudes on their shields. The service in the dim, grey place was beautiful. How worthy of God is the solemn architecture of the Gothic churches!

After the "servoices" we followed the barristers and their friends and walked into the lovely Middle Temple Hall, with its carved oaken screen made of wood from the Spanish Armada, and its smoky walls brightened by the armorial bearings of Knights Templar. From the windows I looked out upon the Temple gardens sweet with roses, replicas of those red and white ones plucked for the badges of the warring houses of York and Lancaster.

I *love* London Town!

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July 27th

Windsor I HAVE seen towered Windsor "Cawstle" on its hill above the river and the oak-dotted meadows — we poked about as far as the police and His Majesty's red Royal Guards would permit us to poke. At the castle gates an old purple-faced man accosted us saying, in a most sympathizing way, that we could not see the state apartments. (Thank heavens!)

But we went in past the stiff, scarlet sentry and saw the terraces, St. George's Chapel, the old oak-paneled houses of the castle retainers, and the charming views of the green Thames valley. We were followed about by a noisy group of cockney women.

"We'll go, too, we will," they said, "for we'er loidies as much as anyboidy, we are!" They looked like the slovenly flower girls who sell nosegays on the streets of London.

Later we engaged a carriage for the afternoon from our *simpatico* old man. He lived in a tiny street opposite the castle gates, and he took us down to the "bottom" to see the house of Nell Gwynn. It had a wonderful brass knocker on the door, the lady herself in the embrace of Charles.

Eton What a long, sweet afternoon we had riding through the English lanes between green hedge-rows, past stately houses and quiet woodlands. We stopped at Eton, just across the river. Callow youths in tall hats, long trousers and "Eton" collars thronged the narrow streets, walking along by the squat, big-windowed little shops, and among the great ivy-covered buildings. The entrance court of the college looked as if it had been battered by

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centuries of boys. In the fields the Etonians were playing cricket, the boys dashing about in their tight blazers, their dignified long trousers and top hats! *Eton*

Our destination was Stoke Poges, and if ever absolute peace reigns anywhere it reigns in that lovely "country churchyard"—a little stone, vine-veiled church with leaded windows and high box pews, encircled by grey old tombstones, flowering shrubs, fine trees and "leas." We wandered about this sweet place where Grey is buried, for an hour. As we left I stopped in the clover meadow to look back. It was all there, the day was departing, the plowman was homeward plodding his weary way and the lowing herd (sleek, fat and sassy) were winding o'er the lea. In fact the lowing herd chased us out of the churchyard, and we all galloped madly down to the road. *The Country Churchyard*

Yesterday we devoted to business. I threaded my way to Threadneedle Street and drew out money at "Parr's Bank," the mustiest, most ancient place of the kind I ever saw. How glad I shall be to see our good, old American dollar! I am on the verge of brain fag trying to figure in English money.

July 29th

HAVE YOU ever eaten Pigeon Pie at "Ye Cheshyre Cheese" in fascinating Fleet Street? This was Doctor Johnson's old Inn and we lunched there today. The sign hung over a dingy doorway, and beyond, a narrow passage led to the low, yellow room in which the author of the Lexicon held forth. There were ancient engravings and prints on the walls; a merry fire on the hearth; and in the window hung a green parrot in a wicker cage. *"Ye Cheshyre Cheese"*

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"Ye Cheshyre Cheese"

We sat at a table in a little stall and ordered the famous Pigeon Pie and Toasted Cheese. The frothing ale was served in such engaging jugs that we were eager to dip our noses into one. "Lark," "Kidney Pudding," "Stewed Steak and Chops," and "Toad in Hole" were also on the menu. Our curiosity ran riot over "Toad in Hole," but none of us dared try it. Miss Fairbury ordered "Ye Pancake!"

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CHAPTER XII.
WAR AND ENGLAND.

London,
August 1, 1914

THE world is plunging into *War!* Can I believe my shocked eyes and ears? In this day of grace, the sublimely enlightened twentieth century, the Christian nations are preparing to annihilate each other. It is a blot on our lofty civilization. Shame, thrice shame upon us! *War*

This afternoon, while the girls were out, I went down to the drawing-room for tea. There were two other ladies at the table, an American and a pretty little English woman, the wife of an army officer, whose adorable children have interested us so much. The seven year old boy always seats his mother and little sister, aged four, with the greatest gallantry, and when they are ready to leave the room he opens the door and stands very erect as they pass out before him. The mother is a stiff little thing and she never seems to take the children out. They are always shyly peeping at everyone who goes up and down the stairs.

I asked her, while we were sipping our tea, what the children did all day.

"Oh, they have their little duties," she answered stiffly. Poor "kiddies"!

Just then a hollow voice boomed into the quiet of our street. It came in pulsating intervals like a tolling bell. We sat rigid, looking at each other.

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War

"Ger-many declares Wa-a-r-r-r on Russia! Ger-many declares Wa-a-a-r on Russia!"

I cannot tell you of the awfulness of that hoarse cry. The little English woman paled and clutched the edge of the table. I ran out on the balcony. Everyone on the street had done likewise, their stunned faces looking down on the being who stalked below screaming:

"Germany declares War!"

Joseph, our Austrian butler, had bought a paper; it trembled in his hands. Bettina and Talitha burst into the room, carrying sheaves of extras.

It is all true. A madman killed an Austrian crown prince and the world goes to war. Once an Italian killed an Austrian Empress. The world did not go to war then. Bah! An Imperial government has seized upon a pretext to satisfy ambitions — and a sturdy French countryman, who read of the murder one morning on the way to Fontainebleau, is kissing his appalled wife adieu, and is pressing his little starched baby to his breast which is a link in his country's shield. Millions of others are doing just the same, and all the nations are calling on the Almighty God to aid their armies. What mockery!

The steamship lines have stopped running, all save the American. We do not despise it now! We grin broadly whenever it is mentioned. Have not the "Imperator" passengers besieged its offices, willing to pay any price for passage home on its humble ships?

Hoarding Gold

We are not only lucky but wise. We have been sightseeing so incessantly that we have not had time to read the papers, but all of us have seen the lurid, and what everyone considered impossible prophesies on the breasts and backs of the forlorn "sandwich men." So

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down we went to Cook's before things were scary. We paid the balance on our steamer tickets, bought tickets for a trip through England, cashed all our checks and got *gold!* Yes we did and we feel too smart for words! *Hoarding Gold*

You should see us sitting on our beds with our laps full of gold sovereigns, just gloating. Bettina lifts up a handful, lets it run through her fingers and listens to the tinkle with the rapture of a miser — a very bobby, curly one! Our plans are all laid. We are going to horde our gold until I have paid our bills with my four five pound notes.

Monday we start on our trip — some of the cathedrals, Warwick, Devon and Cornwall, ending at our sailing point, Southampton — then *home.* Oh, how my heart streams out to you so far away from all this chaos!

God's in his heaven
But all's *not* right with the world.

Sunday, August 2d

THIS HAS been an exciting day. We can talk and think of nothing but war. The whirlwind has swept on at incredible speed. Germany has broken the neutrality of Belgium, and France has gone to the aid of her ally, Russia. Everyone wonders what England, as the third of the Entente, will do. *An Ominous Sunday*

Meanwhile the city is absolutely stunned. Great crowds swarm the streets, buying the latest extras. The air is rasped with the cries of the hawkers, and is electric with excitement.

We walked up to Hyde Park this afternoon. Rotten Row was deserted, but hundreds of people were gathered in groups near all the park entrances. An enormous

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An Ominous Sunday

crowd stood at the gates of Buckingham Palace and cheered lustily when the royal family appeared on a balcony.

Towards evening we rode down to Charing Cross. All the French in London were going home to join the army. The men were marching to the trains, waving good-bye to their women; eyes were dry but lips were trembling. A band was playing the Marseillaise. Every hurdy-gurdy in the city is grinding out that stirring tune.

At dinner the room buzzed with voices. Some Canadian people have just arrived from Paris on the last train to leave the city. They brought their clothes with them in pillow slips. They said that thousands were fighting at the railway stations for places in the trains; hotels were turning people out because everyone was joining the colors, and that Americans were stranded utterly helpless.

We are not grinning so broadly over the American steamship line now. Nothing is certain in this topsy-turvy time. I am simply exhausted with excitement and packing. Our trunks have gone to Southampton and we start on our trip tomorrow. It is just as well that we are leaving the excitement of London, for most of the Americans here are in a panic. Not to be able to go home — what an awful feeling!

I tremble to think that we may not sail on the twenty-sixth. But Bettina is wailing because we are not in Paris!

Since I wrote last we have seen so much — Canterbury among other places. But enough, the present moment and the doubtful future fill all my mind and heart. Two things make it bearable, the friends I have in England

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We Rode Out Through the Lovely Devon Country

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and the bag of gold each of us has anchored to her person. *An Ominous Sunday*

Just the same — wish I were home!

Grand Hotel, Peterborough,
Tuesday Evening, August 4th

HERE I am in the heart of England, wondering if this letter will ever start on its long journey, in this time of chaos and upheaval. I am almost blind from reading the papers. They are thrilling, and the scene in Parliament yesterday must have been soul-stirring when Sir Edward Grey made his masterly speech outlining England's policy, which will go down into history. It is said that this crisis is the most awful event since the fall of the Roman Empire. I think it is not only the most awful event, but the most awful crime since God gave a law to the prophet which said: *Departure From London*

"*Thou shalt not kill.*"

We are all so glad that England is going to stand by France and Belgium — oh, Belgium of the smiling, happy faces, the ripe fields and the prosperous cities — a treaty is but a "scrap of paper"!

I paid the bill for the three of us at Mrs. Tibbs' with two five pound notes. Mrs. Tibbs was in barricaded retirement and the concise housekeeper, who was now very fluttery, attended to the many people who were leaving. We drove to the station in a taxi, and London had a very shut-up look because of Bank Holiday. It has been extended until Friday, a wise move on the part of the Government, as it will prevent a panic. For the first time in the history of England a bank note is frowned upon. But patriotic enthusiasm runs high and everyone, even foreigners, feels drawn to everyone else.

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Cambridge We reached Cambridge in an hour and at last found "lodgings" in Jesus Lane. Our meals were served in the sitting-room of Lord Calthorpe's son, who is a student at Cambridge and lodges here because he was "canned" from his college. I deduct that he does not have brain fever because of overwork. We had a hilarious dinner in his room and enjoyed his divans and souvenirs.

Everything about the colleges is fascinating: the low Norman doorways, the courtyards gay with flowers—there is nothing so lovely as an English garden—the vine-covered buildings, the squat figure of Edward III on Trinity College gate, the limpid River Cam, where punts were drawn up to the banks and pretty women were opening tea baskets, and the "Lime Walk," Tennyson's favorite strolling place.

Ely The next morning we went on to Ely, a sweet little town with a magnificent Norman cathedral. On the way back to the station, after seeing the grand old pile, we passed the postman on his rounds. Some one called to him and asked if he'd like to go and take "a pop at the Germans."

"That I would," he replied in a loud tone, "but first I'd like to hang their Emperor!" Behold the passion aroused by war in the breast of a mild old postman!

Peterborough Miss Fairbury left us here hoping to join us in Devon, and we went on to Peterborough. The Cathedral and its surroundings redeem the sordid town.

As we came into the hotel we ran into a tragedy. An automobile was drawn up to the curb; it had been en tour. A middle-aged lady and gentleman, both white and haggard, sat in the tonneau. The lady was crying. In a room off the hallway a girl clung to a young man.

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Agony was on his face and his waxed mustache drooped at the corners of his mouth. He had all the marks of a German officer. *Peterborough*

The girl, her sweet English prettiness all ravaged with tears, sobbed over and over again, "I can't let you go! I can't let you go!"

Her German fiancé bent over her and I heard him say, "It is hard to be called to fight those one loves best."

The Golden Lion,
Stratford-on-Avon,
August 7th

I AM in Stratford town tonight and the gentle Avon and the beautiful, sweet country look anything but warlike. Our sailing is uncertain. A friend wrote us from London that the steamship company could promise nothing. The port of Southampton is closed and our trunks are there. The girls have a big trunk *packed* with wonderful things, which was to have been put on the "New York" at Cherbourg. They may never see it again. *Warwickshire*

The country is swarming with troops. Many horses in all the towns have been taken, and in Warwick every house is filled with soldiers, waiting their orders. Our landlady, Mrs. London, entertained us with all the news as she served us our meals of boiled beef, boiled potatoes, boiled beans, boiled everything in her stuffy little parlor. The men are "Reservists" and "Territorials"; she has to take some in and "board and bed them for two shillings per head." No one knows where the troops are bound for. I wonder if you realize how *horrible* this war is going to be. Here they call Emperor William "the man who has gone mad."

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Warwickshire We left Peterborough Wednesday morning. I succeeded in paying our bill with a five pound note by telling a — fib to put it mildly, so you see the war is demoralizing even us. We rode as far as Rugby with a train-load of raw recruits who sang at the top of their lungs and acted as if they were bound for a picnic. But the ride on to Warwick was as peaceful as the lovely, peaceful country through which we passed.

Warwick! I think of blackened oak beams, leaded windows reflecting flower boxes, and Warwick Castle with its towers and gardens and peacocks rising from the lilied waters of the Avon.

Kenilworth Yesterday morning we hired a carriage and drove to Kenilworth Castle through hedgerow lanes. I am as fickle as a cat. Farewell to dreams of Italian *castelli* and French *châteaux*, and give me instead love in a cot in Warwickshire. It must have a thatched roof, hollyhocks at the windows and a hoary oak reaching above it a sheltering arm. Ah "'twere paradise enow"!

We stopped at Guy's Cliff, a manor-house where Mrs. Siddons once lived. There is a charming mill opposite the great house and we went in to see it, after buying post-cards of an old man who greeted us with astounding information.

"Have ye heard the news?" he said, "why, we've taken seventeen German ships with two hundred thousand pounds of gold and fifteen tons of cheese!" We, of course, were overjoyed!

When we reached the mill we were again assailed, this time by an ancient crone in a shawl and hideous bonnet. We said, "No thank you," to all her wares, and at last she exploded:

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"I see what ye've done. Ye've gone and bought cards from that *wicked old man* at the gate!" War within war. *Kenilworth*

It did not look at all like war at Kenilworth for a fair was in full swing, much to our disgust. Fancy a poultry tent pitched in the banqueting hall of the Earl of Leicester! Besides there was a cold wind with spatters of rain, so after we had climbed about the red sandstone ruins we were glad to start for home.

We left Warwick yesterday morning by auto 'bus and had a delightful ride over to Stratford. No wonder Shakespeare loved his Warwickshire, it is so beautiful. After we had deposited our bags at "Ye Golden Lion" (the only nice thing about it was its name and it would have smelt just as sweet with any other) we lost no time in walking up old Henly street to Shakespeare's house. Then followed a long sunny afternoon's pilgrimage to all the shrines; the old church where Sweet Will lies under the chancel stones; the river wall in the churchyard where we watched the Avon gliding among the willows on the banks; the memorial theatre; and then in the evening across the fields to Shottery glorified in the red sunset and the air sweet with lavender from the gardens of the thatched cottages, the sweetest of which was Ann's.

I had a most unreal feeling. How enraptured I would have been to have taken that walk during the Shakespearian passion of my childhood! Will you ever forget those "productions"? I remember the day we rehearsed, yelling the lines down the irrigating flume in the orange grove, because we liked the tremendous hollow tone it gave back to our "Out, dam-ned spot, out I say!" While, in the midst of our frenzy, Georgie's sombrero fell into

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Kenilworth the flume, whereupon Lady Macbeth and retainers stood not upon the order of their going but *went* at once. I can still hear the terrible swears of the *zanjero* when he found the sombrero choking off his water. And now I was walking across the fields to Shottery, wishing I were walking through the groves — home!

We are mad for mail.

The Mitre, Oxford,
Sunday Night, August 9th

A *Dismal Oxford Sojourn* I MIGHT just as well tell the truth without more ado: I am almost bursting with homesickness. Know the worst — I am as maudlin as Magdalen College! Everyone always raves about Oxford. I hate the place.

We arrived in a dismal rain to find the town and all the colleges packed with soldiers. The Mitre is a

> Goosey, goosey gander
> Whither do you wander
> Upstairs and downstairs
> And in my lady's chamber—

sort of place, and we are the only goosies in it. All the hotel attaches look as if they were dying of broken hearts. The gentle little housekeeper is downright distressed about us and wants to get rid of us, although we are the hotel's sole means of support at present.

"Young ladies," she said when we came down this morning, "let me urge you most emphatically to return to London, and try to go home as soon as possible. It is most unwise for you to travel further." And our explanations did not reassure her.

The first thing we did was to go to the post-office, where I found the cable which was mailed five days

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ago from London. I hope you receive my reply, although the operator could guarantee nothing. The uncertainty of our sailing worries us dreadfully, but our worries are infinitesimal in comparison with the woe of others. God speed my message to you. *A Dismal Oxford Sojourn*

All day the rain has dripped, dripped, and the troops have marched by under our windows. The woe-begone people holding umbrellas watch them, for the most part silently, but now and then there is a feeble cheer. We have prowled in spite of the rain, but a stiff sentry bars the doors of the colleges.

May this letter and *I* go soon, while all my love goes now.

P. S.—On the way to Oxford we changed at Banbury Cross. Think of it! I began riding Pegasus cock-horses to Banbury Cross in the days of my infancy, and I am still riding them, alas!

Isn't England satisfactory! It appeals to all literary tastes from Beowulf to Mother Goose.

Clovelly, Devon,
August 13th

No ONE will know how I have longed for my native land these last few days. An emperor's ambition has affected humble us! We have been traveling so fast since leaving Oxford that I haven't had the time or the heart to write. But now we are stopping in this idyllic spot long enough to breathe and so—*comminciamo!*

We found letters for us here, one from Miss Fairbury, who has decided to wait for us in London, as we shall have to sail from Liverpool instead of Southampton. She said the crowds at the American Steamship office were so dense she could not get inside the door, but at

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A Dismal Oxford Sojourn

the American Express she was told that the "New York" was booked to sail. However, we shall not count on it really until we hear from the company. Coaches and trains are so uncertain down here that we are going to hurry back to London where we'll be at the source of information.

Bath

Well, Monday dawned bleak and rainy and we shook the mud of Oxford from our shoes with no regret. But on the way to Bath the sun came bursting forth and all the green countryside glittered and flashed in its blessed light. We stopped several hours in Bath. It lies in a nest of hills by the Avon and seems like a continental city. A band was playing in a gay little park and our spirits came up with a bound when the sun blazed out and we heard the lively music.

Of course, I expected to see sedan chairs, Beau Brummels and Beau Nashes in Bath, and there were a few of the latter in the Pump Room at the baths. We also saw the familiar "S. P. Q. R." on some of the Roman stones.

From Bath we went on to Bristol, and at Taunton a tiny train took us down through Watchet to Minehead, all of them places mentioned in "Lorna Doone."

Minehead

We reached Minehead on its little crescent bay at six o'clock and went to the Hotel Métropole. However, we did not wait for the eight o'clock dinner, but sought a tea room where we literally ate all they had. I am sure they thought us "most amazing." Well, our appetites were!

Everything about the little town was very neat and trim, in fact, quite elegant, particularly our hotel, and oh, the bed was so good! Such a variety of beds as I have slept in since leaving Rome!

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The Town Gleaming Through the Masts of the Boats Moored in the Cove

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Devonshire

The next morning was glorious, and we had a wonderful nineteen-mile ride to Lynmouth and Lynton. I had begun to doubt that the sun ever shown in England, but it does and gets piping hot, too! We were the only passengers on the coach and we rode out through the lovely morning into the incomparable Devon country, feeling that the world was a grand, good place after all, and only man was vile. Don't you love the names—Porlock Village—Selworthy Green—Dunkery Beacon—Exmoor? After we had climbed Porlock Hill from the rolling, wooded valley, we found the purple glory of Exmoor stretching away in valleys and hills to the left and in cliffs to the sea far below at the right. It was my first sight of heather, that burning purple before which all other colors pale. Coppery sheep were running about through the bushes or sleeping under little ledges of slate rock. And the breeze came perfumed with honey and the tang of the sea.

Lynmouth and Lynton

We reached Lynmouth at noon. The village is built along the banks of the swift East and West Lyn, which meet here and flow into the sea just below. Steep, wooded hills tower above it with Lynton perched on one of them, where we had a superb view after the coach had struggled up. But what a lonely hotel! We were the only people in a place that is usually thronged at this time of the year.

We walked down to Lynmouth over a steep woodland path, and had tea in a walled garden by the side of the roaring Lyn. Such a tea in an arbor of laurel—rolls and jam, whortleberries and Devonshire cream! And when we had finished, our mouths and teeth matched the heather.

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Lynmouth and Lynton

The Lyn goes down to the sea over a rocky beach and here we sat for a long time, basking in the sun and sea air, and looking back at the little town gleaming whitely through the masts of the boats moored in the cove.

In the evening we climbed the hill to Lynton and found a path which led about the face of the cliffs high above the sea. I shall never forget that walk in the enchanting, opalescent English sunset. The towering cliffs and hills, a mass of purple heather, met the blue sea below and the pink sky above. The slate path hanging in the midst of this glory led finally into a little valley, all a green and purple sheen in the dazzling light of the declining sun. It might have been the entrance to Paradise. How absolutely incredible that millions of men were preparing to kill each other!

The Doone Valley

We had planned to stay two days at Lynton, but when we discovered that only one coach a day was now running to Ilfracombe at four o'clock, we decided to see the Doone Valley in the morning and go on. We packed in a wild rush, paid our bill to a very glum landlady, booked our seats on the afternoon coach, and then started off in a carriage on the eight-mile drive to the Valley of the Doones. It was a long morning of delight —all exactly as Blackmore describes it (except the waterslide). We ate our lunch under the bushes by the Badgeworthy water with the moorland hills all about us and the valley veiled in haze.

A Coaching Contretemps

When we returned to Lynton about half past three we went immediately to the booking office to wait for the coach. In the morning the clerk had assured us that no others had booked and that there would be no trouble about seats.

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A Coaching Contretemps

Bettina and I at once were many fathoms deep in newspapers, but Talitha stood at the door to look out for our interests. A little man with a determined square beard was hurrying up the street to the Booking Office followed by a wife who had abandoned all hope when she entered into matrimony with him.

"Girls!" called Talitha, *sotto voce*, "I don't like the looks of that little man. He has fishy eyes. He'll try to cheat us out of our seats."

"He can't," answered Bettina, her mind far away in Liège. "We booked before anyone else."

"Well, you better stop reading those old papers and come out here to be ready when the coach comes. I *know* we'll have trouble with that horrid little man. I don't like the look in his eyes."

When the coach, which proved to be a *char-a-banc*, arrived, the little man and wife promptly climbed in and we also made a concerted dash for seats.

"Stop!" ordered the driver. "Only two of you can go in this car. The other company has consented to take one of you in their machine."

All Talitha's suspicions burst into flame: "Indeed we will *not* be separated. We booked before anyone else. These people are taking our seats."

"Can't help it," growled the driver, "I can only take two of you with me."

"You are obliged to give Cook's passengers first place," said Bettina to the booking clerk. "You must arrange this for us."

"I can't do anything," the clerk replied. "You'll just have to divide up, that's all."

This was too much for Talitha, whose suspicions were

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A Coaching Contretemps

now a raging conflagration. "A nice business you conduct," she hurled at the sputtering clerk.

For the first time I was now able to put in my word: "Come, come," I said haughtily á la Mrs. Tibbs, "we are three young women traveling alone and we cannot be separated. You must take us."

The driver wavered before all this determination. "Well, get in."

We were in the seats before the words were out of his mouth, Talitha muttering about "stupid clerks" and "fishy-eyed old men." We drove to the hotel and found another *char-a-banc* almost filled with people and a mob waiting to climb into ours. Just as we were nicely settled the driver and an authoritative, blue-capped individual came to our seat and the be-capped one firmly addressed us:

"Young ladies, it is impossible for all of you to ride in this car. One of you must go in the other. These people all came over from Ilfracombe for the day and the seats belong to them."

The conflagration now spread to calm Bettina, and the two of them acted exactly like furious kittens, quite capable of scratching — with their tongues.

"Nothing is going to happen to you if you separate," exploded the exasperated blue-cap, "you'll just go in different coaches and meet again at Ilfracombe."

"If that is the case," stormed Talitha, "put that man in the other car. He isn't with the Ilfracombe party. He has our seats. Girls, don't you budge!"

"Well, *I* don't know what to do," wailed Mr. Blue-cap in despair, "they *won't* get down and I *can't* separate man and his wife!"

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A Coaching Contretemps

The "Man's" beard was momentarily growing squarer, while at the same time his wife became more hopeless. What! Give in to three chits? Never! Woman should be kept in her place.

All the other travelers were standing on tiptoe, the better for to see, when I, swallowing my pride, broke the deadlock by climbing down, to the unspeakable disgust of Bettina, the abject fury of Talitha, and the sighing relief of Mr. Blue-cap. I refrained from glancing at "square-beard."

It takes heroism to surrender! Besides, Talitha would not speak to me for a day.

* * * * *

Clovelly

Quaint Clovelly! Yes, I am going to use that poor word which is on the verge of complete exhaustion from overwork. This time it is in italics to give it needed strength. For Clovelly, without doubt, is the quaintest place in the world.

Imagine a little village of just one street, made of cobble-stone steps, and so steep that everything is drawn up and down on sleds. The white houses are massed on either side, all with wide-open casements, and all a bower of little gardens in window boxes—red hollyhocks, pink and red sweet peas, dahlias, nasturtiums and box trees in tubs. Down below is a little V-shaped view of the sea and the white village lies (it is the only place that ever really "nestled") in a steep canyon embraced by high wooded hills.

It is a fishing village and everyone takes "lodgers." We are stopping half way down with a rosy-faced Mrs. Marshall. The rooms are tiny. I can touch the ceiling

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Clovelly and my head hits the top of the doors. Trim little bisque ladies and gentlemen simper on the mantle and there are countless pictures of past and present Marshalls. We go to our rooms up the craziest little stair, which is as unexpected as an afterthought.

We had luncheon and dinner in the two-by-four parlor and spent a long afternoon on the walled porch, watching the fishermen clump up and down, and the artists trying to perch on their camp-stools. This evening we walked, or rather slid, down to the end of the street and leaned against the wall to look at the cove and the lovely coastline beyond.

And now we are gathered around the lamp on the table, for the long twilight has faded into night.

Clovelly,
August 14th

QUAINT PLACES are sometimes too quaint.

You should have seen us all dancing around in Bettina's room in our "nighties," trying to kill a huge spider she found in her bed. At least Bettina and I danced while disgusted Talitha, just as afraid as we, but braver, did the killing with her satin mule. Bettina looked so soft and rubber-ball-like as she danced and squealed, all her curls bobbing and her baby hands and arms flying. We — I mean Talitha was successful, and at last we settled down and slept well.

But this morning I poured out of my pitcher the enormous mate of the deceased. Of course, there were more squealings and dancings and calls for "Talitha!" But, as that executioner refused to budge from her room, we called in Mrs. Marshall, who did the murder with boiling water.

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Clovelly

Besides these reptiles, inquisitive bumblebees and exploring wasps fly in at the open windows and investigate us so thoroughly we are in constant agitation.

"For heaven's sake!" exclaimed Talitha, jumping up after having vainly attempted to shoo three wasps from her raspberries, "let's leave this quaint place; I am tired of sharing my food!"

So we are going tomorrow.

Bude,
August 16th

An Encounter

WE LEFT Clovelly Saturday afternoon in a real coach and four — coachman and footman in buff and red, and a winding horn at all the turns. Bettina and I swarmed up and sat with the coachman, and Talitha — well, *who* do you suppose sat with her in the seat just behind us? No other than the fishy-eyed one and wife! When they appeared on the scene and the seat, Bettina and I laughed outright. The little man made tentative overtures to chilly Talitha, but she froze him so completely and made him feel, for the first time in his life, such a worm, that his wife actually smiled at her.

We started off in a gentle rain, which only made the air fresher and the country greener. The road led along the top of the downs with always a peep, here and there, of the sea. At a half-way house where the horses were changed, we had a delicious tea of cakes and fresh raspberry jam and cream.

We reached Bude, which lies in a little haven, at dusk and in a pouring rain, and we were glad to draw up to the bright doors of the Falcon Inn.

All day we have wandered over the green hills and basked in the sandy cove — a nice, lazy sort of day.

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King Arthur's Castle Hotel,
Tintagel, Cornwall,
August 17th

King Arthur Land

THE PINK and violet light is dying out of the sky and the smooth Cornish sea looks like slate-blue glass. I glance out at it as I write in this dim corner. I am very happy. The paper advertises the sailing of the "New York" August 26th.

When we reached Tintagel this afternoon we came out here to King Arthur's Hotel. It stands on a high cliff above the sea in elegant and lonely state, far away from shabbiness. The downs roll inland and end at the distant, hazy ridge of Dartmoor. There is not a tree in sight — just the broad sweep of vivid green between the sky and sea.

We immediately set out to explore, and following a narrow canyon by the side of a stream we came upon a purple cove. The sea dashed against jagged rocks and a great headland towered at one side. On its summit were the ruins of "Tintagel by the Cornish Sea," where Ygerne was seized by Uther, King of Britain and

> Forced was she to wed him in her tears.
> . . . . and all before his time
> Was Arthur born, and all as soon as born
> Delivered at a secret postern gate
> To Merlin.

We climbed a perilous path to that "postern gate." It was like being suspended between heaven and earth up there, such far views of land and sea and rocky coast and such breathless quiet. We lay on the moss all afternoon and watched the sun set and then came down with the shadows.

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Who knows? Arthur may return to rule again his beloved England. And to think that tomorrow we go from "many-towered Camelot" (Camelford) not in a "shallop flitting silken-sail'd" but—in a *train!* *King Arthur Land*

Ye Olde George,
Salisbury, August 19th

I WISH you could see this old room in which I am writing. It has oaken beams and paneling that have been here since 1320. We sleep in the "Earl's Chamber," an imposing place, damask hung, with oak rafters and a real roof tree.

We left Tintagel—was it only yesterday morning?—and after a long ride through South Devon and Dartmoor we arrived at Salisbury of the meandering streets, the old houses and gateways, and the beautiful Cathedral in its close of lawns and ancient elms. We have spent most of our time sitting under these trees.

Today we went to Stonehenge. Our driver was disgusted because we were more interested in the Territorial camps drawn up on Salisbury Plain. There was a group of men near us wig-wagging to another group on a distant hill. *Salisbury Plain*

We start back to London tomorrow via Southampton to see that our trunks are sent to Liverpool. How glad I'll be to get back to Mrs. Tibbs'!

Thursday, August 20th

HERE WE are at a place called Eastleigh, just five miles from Southampton. We arrived at nine o'clock and cannot go on until two! We have read all the papers and now the only excitement is to watch the troop trains flash past, loaded, principally, with wagons and startled-looking horses.

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Southampton

A Closed Port

WE ARE now sitting on the benches of a dismal park with *other* roustabouts and dock riff-raff, not to forget the many important English nurses in grey bonnets and capes, waiting for their mysterious sailing. We had difficulty in finding the offices of the American Steamship Company, because all roads leading to the harbor are barricaded. Our baggage has all been sent to Liverpool, so my treasures are safe.

After wandering about the sordid town we returned to the station, but were sternly ordered away by a policeman at the door. He informed us that we could not go in until train time at half past six. It is now four!

Everyone looks at us as if we were crazy to be in this closed port at such a time. We may be arrested for spies!

An hour and a half to wait. I'll twirl my thumbs a while.

London,
August 22d

Last Days in London

I ALMOST swallowed your letters at Cook's yesterday morning! I feel tired, let down and rather hysterical.

We had a long and weary four-hour journey to London from Southampton; it usually takes an hour and a half. The train stopped at every station, which was packed with troops. There were camps all along the way, and sentries and Boy Scouts at every bridge.

We had an animated conversation with two gentlemen in our compartment. One was an Irish painter who called Emperor William and his army "Attila and the Huns," and the other was a sparrow-like Londoner. He was delighted with our enthusiasm and shook hands most feelingly when he got off at Vauxhall station.

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Last Days in London

Everything is calm in London now except the swarm of nervous Americans on the streets. The traffic is not so dense. Many of the 'buses have been sent to the front. The patriotism is inspiring. The whole country and nation, and all the parties are united, even the militants have declared a truce so that the galleries are open and we are seeing them at last.

The papers do not exaggerate the plight of the tourists. We have been very, very lucky—but I insist that we have also been wise. Many people who had paid for their passage home on the German lines, who had bought tickets for tours, and who had failed to cash their checks, are destitute. Others are paying fabulous prices for steerage tickets. The American committee at the Savoy has done a great deal to help matters.

And now, good-bye, great, grimy, magnificent London!

Liverpool,
On Board Ship,
August 26, 1914

We Embark for Home

ALMOST TIME to sail!

Homeward bound at last!

Our stateroom is a *wonder*. The steward grinned from ear to ear as he opened the door. "It's the best on the ship!" he said, while he proudly showed us the large roomy place with its fine bath. We have hung up a gay, plush macaw in a swinging ring, which Bettina bought at Liberty's—a cheerful mascot. Certainly, we are the most fortunate people on board. The ship is packed from top to hold; every place in the steerage taken, and conditions are ghastly down there. The capacity of the "New York" is nine hundred, and there are over eleven hundred people stowed away, all mad to go home.

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We Embark for Home

I know that at the first peep at my native land I shall positively sob. I'll even want to hug the fat old Goddess of Liberty!

These are my last lines from across the seas. Farewell, Old World, so sorely tried! I have seen you in all your proud prosperity, at the summit of your civilization. You will never be the same again.

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AND NOW YOU HAVE READ NEW FOOTPRINTS IN OLD PLACES, THE BRIGHT, INFORMING TRAVEL JOURNAL OF PAULINE STILES, WHICH WAS MADE INTO A BOOK BY PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY AT THEIR TOMOYE PRESS, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF RICARDO J. OROZCO, THEIR PRINTER, IN THE MONTH OF AUGUST, NINETEEN HUNDRED SEVENTEEN, COVER DESIGN BY RUDOLPH F. SCHAEFFER

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